The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1899.

The Week.

The action of the House committee on coinage, weights, and measures in agreeing to report a radical measure for the reform of our currency system is a political event of great significance. The bill is long and elaborate, but its most important features are those which explicitly establish the gold standard by provisions that the gold dollar shall be the standard of value in the United States, that all obligations of the United States shall be payable in gold unless otherwise stipulated, and that no more silver dollars shall be coined, except from the silver bullion now held in the Treasury against the silver certificates or Treasury notes issued under the act of July 14, 1890; with other provisions for the gradual retirement and cancellation of all United States notes and Treasury notes. The most important consideration about this action of the House committee is the fact that its Republican members are united and earnest in support of the measure reported. They believe in the gold standard, and they are not afraid to say so openly. They hold that there should be no further coinage of silver dollars, and they are ready to provide by law that there shall not be. They are convinced that the greenbacks ought to be retired, and they are anxious to pass a law which will force the retirement of this currency. That this bill will pass Congress during the present session is not to be expected. Its supporters doubtless do not anticipate that it will get through even the House. Nevertheless, it is a great thing to get all the Republican members of a financial committee out in open support of so "flat-footed" a measure of currency reform. We have never secured from any representative body of the party in Congress so positive and commendable a proposition for permanent currency legislation as this.

The so-called Nicaragua Canal bill, which passed the Senate on Saturday, is really a bill to build a canal across the isthmus anywhere, at any cost, under any contract or company, at any time. It is, in other words, a huge conglomerate measure, into which all sorts of conflicting provisions were thrown. Only in that way could it be passed. Senator Morgan conquered opposition by yielding to it. It was charged that his original bill was in violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; therefore he accepted an amendment requiring the President to open negotiations for the abrogation of that treaty, "or any other treaty found to be in existence and standing in the way of the construction of the canal." Here is plenty of work for negotiators, but possibly none at all for canal-diggers. It was said that there were serious difficulties about the validity of the contract with Nicaragua, about Costa Rica's interests and rights; it was maintained that perhaps our Government could make a better bargain with the Panama Company than with any other. Never mind, just authorize the President to settle all these questions. He is a fountain of inexhaustible wisdom. The bill really "leaves it all to McKinley," just as we have been leaving everything else to him.

It is clear that the bill was passed in this hodge-podge state only in the desperate hope that the House would pass some kind of bill of its own and get the matter into conference. The present state of opinion in Congress seems to be that some canal should be constructed across the isthmus, but by whom or where or under what auspices, there is a hopeless conflict of view. In these circumstances, as we have said before, the most reasonable thing to do would be to refer the whole matter to a commission which should bring forward some practicable and self-consistent bill next December. The general desire and expectation of the country undoubtedly is that the isthmus be cut by a canal. But there is no commitment in favor of any existing project. The best canal to be had on the best terms both of construction and operation—that is the thing the country wants, and the Morgan bill is as far as possible from providing it. In fact, if that bill were to become law as it stands, we should not necessarily be any nearer having a canal than we are without any bill at all. If the aim of Congress is not to pass bills for a canal, but to get a canal, a very different measure must be devised.

Senator Hoar expresses confidence that the treaty will either be defeated altogether or amended so as to meet the contention of those who are opposed to the Administration's ideas on expansion and imperialism. It has been generally held that the treaty must be either accepted or rejected in its entirety, and the champions of expansion have argued that its rejection would mean a reopening of the war with Spain. But the Massachusetts Senator insists that there are several ways in which the treaty can be amended without causing a reopening of the state of war, or a violation of the terms of the protocol, under which we are, constructively at least, now at peace. One way which he suggests is to amend the third article of the treaty so as to make it conform to the first, and have it provide that, instead of "ceding" the Philippines to us, Spain shall "relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to" them, as in the case of Cuba. "I wish," says Mr. Hoar, "to see the Philippines in identically the same position as Cuba. We must not give them back to Spain, but we must see that a good and stable government is set up there by the Filipinos. I believe that, under the guidance of this country, those people would be able to establish themselves among the nations of the earth." Mr. Hoar thinks that such an amendment of the treaty as he proposes and hopes to see the Senate adopt would not require the reconvening of the Commissioners, but might be agreed to by Spain and the United States through the French Ambassador.

Suppose war should now break out between us and the Filipinos, as it has broken out so often between us and the Indians, and the good and wise William McKinley should conclude that they must be punished with fire and sword for not submitting to his authority, and should give orders to his generals to slaughter them freely, and not to allow any news of what they were doing to reach this country, as is the case at this moment (for he has established a strict censorship of telegrams), what difference would there be between our Filipino question and our Indian question? How much should we know of what was going on among our "subject races"? What kind of place would "the glory-crowned heights" be? Is there a single politician in the United States who would, even for a brief season, give up "getting delegates" in order to devote himself to succoring and righting the desolate and oppressed? Where would the conquering Griggs be, or the conscientious Lodge? Where would that mighty host be who have so freely offered to assume all the responsibility that "Destiny" may choose to thrust upon them?

Additional proof that the expansionists are finding more and more shoals in the course which at one time seemed such smooth sailing, comes from Washington in the shape of hints that it may be impossible to pass the Hull bill for the reorganization of the army, except at a special session of Congress. Rumors that some compromise will be adopted by which the volunteers will be mustered out and the regulars maintained at a war footing of 62,000 men, and that "the powers of the President" are to be extended to "cover the emergency," are heard on every side, as well as the statement that the entire influence of the

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Administration will be used to force the bill through the House when it comes up for debate this week. The recent and still present scandals in the army, the Eagan outburst, the distrust of the ability of Secretary Alger to reorganize anything properly, let alone a military body, and the weaknesses of the Hull bill itself, have all brought about a marked diminution in the demand for more soldiers for the taxpayers to support. It begins to look as if the Republican leaders would have done well to accept the suggestion of Col. Bryan to organize a temporary army of occupation from the few volunteers who wish to remain in service and from additional enlistments, instead of asking so large an increase of an institution which Washington and the founders of the republic deemed the greatest danger to free institutions—a standing army. Meanwhile, the regular troops hover between a peace and a war footing, nearly all the volunteers in Manila, Cuba, and in the South clamor to be released from the life of professional soldiers, and imperialism knows not where to look for the forces upon which all imperialism rests—the men of the sword and bayonet to spread the "blessings of civilization" by means of shot and shell.

The antiquated and hide-bound methods of the War Department are disclosed anew in the information that our troops in Manila are still receiving the rations prepared for use in this country, despite many earnest recommendations for a change from officers who served in Cuba. In answer to complaints about the food of the Colorado regiment now at Manila, one of its officers, who has just returned, has stated publicly that Gen. Otis and his officers are powerless to remedy the evil. "It would be advisable," he said, "to purchase the food supplies for the army in some Asiatic port, and have their issuance under the supervision of Gen. Otis, who is familiar with everything affecting the army and eager for the adoption of any measure that will improve its condition. If this were done, it would secure an abundance of fresh food for the army, and would be less expensive to the Government than the shipment of food-stuffs from San Francisco. But this cannot be done without the sanction of the Secretary of War." And still we read that large shipments of canned and frozen meats are to be made from San Francisco. Secretary Alger's failure to issue the proper order has led Senator Hawley to introduce a bill adding to the present army ration more rice, sugar, green coffee, and other tropical foodstuffs, and we thus have the spectacle of the legislative branch of our Government interfering with the details of the management of an executive department, because of the latter's notorious inefficiency.

The news that Havana is to be cleansed and made into a modern hygienic city seems to its long-time inhabitants almost too good to be true. The *Diario de la Marina* of January 12, commenting on the dispatch which said that the Government at Washington had approved Col. Waring's plan, declared that no step could give more legitimate satisfaction to all residents of Havana. The *Diario* is a stiff pro-Spanish paper, and it confesses to a sorrowful feeling as it reflects that so many years of wealth and power had passed without moving the former administrators of the city to undertake "a work demanded by public opinion from time immemorial, and studied by our scientists and formulated in our press in almost exactly the same terms as those found in the brilliant report of the unfortunate Col. Waring." We only hope the *Diario* will not be disappointed again. The cabinet at Washington has been reported to have adopted the Waring plan, but we know of no contracts let, or even advertised, to carry it into execution. Yet time is of the very essence of the affair. We may loiter, but yellow fever will not. The nymphs of sewers and sinks are having only a short vacation in Havana; in three months it will be over, and they will be filling up the hospitals with our soldiers unless the swiftest measures are taken to head them off.

"Another glorious page in the history of American seamen," we read in a message which the President sent to Congress last week. What, more fierce fighting? More ships sunk? More enemies gloriously slaughtered? No, it is only a tame story of the rescue of imperilled whalers in Arctic waters by the officers and crew of the United States revenue cutter *Bear*. But the President does well to commend them to the grateful consideration of Congress and the people. They were engaged in a service as arduous, and displayed a heroism as conspicuous, as the crews who fought at Manila or Santiago. They encountered hardships and faced death for four months, on an expedition organized to save the lives of 275 Americans, whom they succeeded in rescuing; and such an heroic victory of peace, as Mr. McKinley says, constitutes a public service. It is at least as great as the slaughter of 1,000 Spaniards. It is well for the people, as it is for the army and navy, to be reminded that praise and reward are the just desert, in our time as in Wordsworth's, of the happy warrior

> "Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

The Legislature of the greatest State in the Union elects to the United States Senate a man who is the choice of the boss of the dominant party—as it would elect Sereno E. Payne, or anybody else, instead of Chauncey M. Depew, if Platt but so ordered. The Legislature of the second State in the Union gives only 16 votes less than a majority to the boss of the dominant party there, while he is awaiting trial on charges which may send him to the penitentiary. The Legislature of the next largest State but one chose for Senator a year ago a typical representative of the material element in our politics, Hanna having forced his choice by the use of his great wealth and the help of the Federal patronage which, as boss of the dominant party in his commonwealth, he could promise with assurance even before his next friend entered the White House. It is encouraging to turn from such spectacles at Albany, Harrisburg, and Columbus to the very different scene presented by the choice of a United States Senator at Indianapolis, Mr. Albert J. Beveridge.

Mr. Beveridge is only thirty-six years old. He has never held public office. He lives in Indianapolis, and, as the other Senator is also a resident of that city, the "locality" argument appeared to rule him out. He had no money, and no powerful professional associations, for he has never had a law partner. He represented no great corporate interests, and he had no political machine behind him. But he had many warm friends and devoted admirers, who believed that he would make a good Senator, and resolved to see if they could not get the office for him. The struggle was warm and close, but the new-comer in politics won, and won on his merits. Mr. Beveridge is accused of being "a spread-eagle orator," and there is no doubt that he has a tendency to "hifalutin." But nobody can read such an address as that on "The Vitality of the American Constitution," which he delivered before the Allegheny County (Pa.) Bar Association a year ago, without realizing that he is also a man of genuine ability, who should outgrow his youthful faults of exuberant oratory. His character is beyond criticism, his desire to render good service to the public seems deep and strong, and altogether the promise of his entrance upon a national career is great.

That Quay would "have a Governor whom I own," if he should nominate William A. Stone and secure his election, was universally recognized throughout the campaign last fall. Nobody, therefore, can be surprised that Gov. Stone has named for Attorney-General a Quay lieutenant with a very bad record. John P. Elkin was Deputy Attorney-General under the last State administration, and he was deservedly removed from office for his share in pushing through a scheme to pay padded rolls of legislative employees by signing with others a bond to indemnify the State Treasurer if the payment from the funds of the commonwealth should be pronounced illegal

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in law, as it obviously was fraudulent in intent. It is entirely characteristic that a discredited politician of this type should be "vindicated" by elevation to the head of a department from a subordinate position in which he had been removed in disgrace. The sole defence which anybody attempts to make is that the indemnity-bond affair represented a "vicious habit" of long standing, which had been employed on former occasions for like unlawful purposes, and that Mr. Elkin had only committed "an error of judgment."

A particularly pestiferous bill has been introduced at Albany by Leon Sanders, a Tammany statesman who took his first lesson in the science of government under Barney Martin, when the latter was Commissioner of Jurors. Mr. Sanders proposes to prohibit all employers of labor from working their employees more than eight hours a day, no matter whether the employees wish to do so or not, with a penalty for violating the law not less than $50 nor more than $100. Such a law would make it impossible for any employer to have his men work overtime in an emergency, on any terms whatever. It would thus prevent the laborers from earning extra money when opportunities to do so should arise, and would be as much of an injustice and hardship upon them as it would be upon their employers. As a matter of fact, there are thousands of workingmen who rejoice at the opportunity of working more than eight hours a day—that is, working as many hours as they feel they are able to work, and getting paid according to their merits and abilities. Mr. Sanders is a professional champion of the laborers who "work mainly with their mouths"—that is, devise schemes which will enable them to get a living by putting shackles of various kinds upon real workingmen. If he should succeed in getting his bill through the Legislature, there would be no difficulty in convincing the Governor of its true character and hence of making its death sure.

We felt sure that the Irish vote would have something to say, sooner or later, about the fiendish good understanding with England, and the new organization called the Continental League appears to offer a vent to Celtic spirit long outraged by all this billing and cooing with the oppressor. In its declared purposes, it is against imperialism, but it is especially against "entangling alliances with European Powers." No Powers are mentioned, but a glance at the names of the officers—Emmet, Quinn, O'Flaherty, and the rest—will show Great Britain who have their eyes on her. This is only one of the funny sides of the English *entente*. An Englishman who has travelled extensively in this country reports in the *Contemporary* his discovery of the way the "ordinary American" regards the new understanding. He did not find his average man on the Atlantic seaboard, but in the great Middle States, where, he truly says, is the habitat of "the pushing, loud-tongued, boastful, illiterate, buy-you-up American." This writer's testimony is as follows:

"I talked with hundreds of men right across the States. The general idea was this: 'Yes, it would be a good thing for you English, but we've got nothing to gain. We can take care of ourselves, and you can't. You want our help. As we are at war with Spain, the English are taking advantage of the moment to force an alliance. You know we are the principal nation on the fact of this earth; we lick you in everything; we've licked you in war; and you want to keep on the best side of us.'"

We are glad to think that there are signs of a little cooling in the English love for us, as allies and coadjutors in the work of conquering and ruling inferior races. The delay in ratifying the treaty, and the slow return of reason to the American people, are raising a suspicion in England at last that the press and the mighty men of the Conservative party were a litle too hasty in presuming on the American alliance in conquests and seizures. We do not think the English press has played a more unworthy part for many years. It has been for months—when it knew we were laboring under the reason-dethroning excitement of war, and that a long and happy peace had left us in complete ignorance about the rôle we were undertaking as conquerors—urging us into adventures of every description, which would suit its own purposes and necessities, and writing all the time about our affairs as if it had any comprehension of the influences which sway our opinions and determine our political action. The reasons it supplied for our entering on a warlike career have often been ludicrous in their absurdity, but they served the purpose of flattering American vanity and gladdening the hearts of contractors, jobbers, and corrupt politicians. We do not see that all this has increased the love of England, outside the gang of politicians who find English approval of their schemes a help in getting them executed.

The manifesto recently issued by the Cobden Club is a sort of abandonment of its old policy of propagandism. It also apparently gives up the plan of influencing the American elections by money, which, according to some of our papers, it so long pursued with a certain malignity. It now apparently confesses that its missionary work among the nations in their home territory is hopeless, but it insists on the application of free-trade principles to the new countries which so many of them are seizing, and says, what is more important, that England will insist on it. The success of Lord Salisbury's attempt to enforce this policy of an "open door" on either Russia or France has not been great enough to encourage much hope about the matter, at least during Lord Salisbury's ministry. At the end of any such policy there must be a threat of war, and this threat he will not make, at least during the Queen's lifetime. The Cobden Club offers magnanimously to let any nation seize any unoccupied territory it pleases, if it will only keep the "door open" to all the trade of the world, or, at least, to all English trade. The world has probably never been in such a mess. It was never so fierce for trade, but it is so eager also for war that it cannot trade, and yet is so eager for trade that it cannot go to war.

The policy of the Cobden Club receives great discouragement from the conduct of France, for instance. Great Britain had valuable trade rights in Madagascar. Half the trade of the island was hers. France annexed Madagascar. Since then she has been extinguishing both British trade rights and British trade. She is doing the same thing, almost, in Tunis. Now, is there any way of remedying this except by threatening war? We fear not. One result of this sort of thing is that the British public is more and more inclined to believe that it must itself own the territory it wishes to trade with, if it is to have an open door. Protection is the doctrine of the natural man, and the natural man is now so powerful that he must try his experiment, and is, therefore, Jingo.

The politicians in Spain are as tough as our own; few die and none retire to private life. Sagasta's career was thought to be completely finished. The disasters which the country had suffered under him had made, it was believed, any political future for him entirely impossible. He himself favored that view. He gave it to be understood that he was holding on only until the necessary measures of peace were perfected, when he would withdraw to indulge in grief and regrets in retirement. But later developments make it appear that he has no idea of doing anything of the kind. When the Conservatives first began to hint that it was time for him to resign, he said he must cling to office until the last humiliation had been undergone. But this did not suit Silvela, the Conservative chief. He had struck up an alliance with Gen. Polavieja, and served notice on Sagasta that it was time for him to be going. But that Liberal and wily statesman also produced his political general—none other than Gen. Weyler—and refused to budge. The combination of Weyler and Sagasta is a very strong one; and the fact that the Liberal chief had quietly arranged it and now publishes it, is sufficient notification that he means to hold his position as long as possible.

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"THE MANNERS OF LIBERTY."

M. Lavisse, the distinguished French historian, talking the other day of the French troubles, "the leagues, the reunions, the speeches," the uproar and tumults, says he only hopes there will be more of them; that they will continue and survive their "sorrowful cause," because these are "the manners of liberty." If the President will only take these words to heart, he may find some consolation in them for the delays in the Senate of which he complains. The Senate procedure is full of delay; the minority exercises an influence out of proportion to its numerical strength; the procrastination is wearisome and annoying to the Executive, who longs to put things through and begin in earnest the work of governing "subject races."

The answer to all this is that that is the way in which our Government was meant to work. The Executive was not allowed to make treaties of itself, simply in order that the Senate might pass upon them also. The framers were not willing to allow any one man to bind the country to anything, no matter how wise and good he was. Then the Senate, being composed of many persons with different points of view, can reach conclusions only through debate, colloquy, and deliberation. A two-thirds majority is required to confirm a treaty, for the express purpose of giving the minority of a certain size power to hinder its confirmation. When any one says, "You are a minority; why do you delay business when you know the majority are against you?" the answer is, "My rights under the Constitution have precisely the same origin as those of the majority. Theirs do not come from their being a majority; they come from being constitutional." If only one man had the power to hinder the confirmation of a treaty, his right to hinder and delay it would be of exactly the same force, vigor, and effect as the President's to make it. Nobody under the Constitution has any authority better than any one else. All modern constitutions are made for the express purpose of preventing majorities from having absolute sway. If it were right that majorities should thus rule, in America, we should have a totally different kind of government from that under which we have lived and flourished and excited the admiration of mankind for one hundred years. If it were considered wise that whatever the President offered to the Senate should go through at once, on his mere recommendation, the power of considering and assenting to or vetoing his recommendations would not have been lodged in the Senate. You cannot strike at the Senate's privileges without striking at the President's also.

These things appear commonplace enough to most Americans, and yet they seem to need repeating every now and then to the whole official class, or, at least, that portion of it which is given over to "expansion" and "empire." They have grown visibly impatient of discussion. From the day, a few years ago, when Speaker Reed, in the interest of the tariff, "thanked God that the House of Representatives was not a deliberative body," down to the present moment, when the President, in the interest of the treaty, wishes the Senate were not so deliberate, there has been a visible tendency towards government by the "sic voleo, sic jubeo" system. Deliberation has been becoming distinctly more contemptible; rapidity of legislation has been becoming more prized than its wisdom or permanence. The boss has been becoming the leading power in the state, and the boss "votes but does not talk." And yet we have little doubt that a political philosopher would pronounce about half the legislation of civilized countries useless or mischievous. *Possibly* the treaty is not a good thing. Possibly it is for the best interests of the American people that it should not be confirmed. Why should any Senator who thinks so not oppose it with all his might, by every agency which the Constitution puts into his hands?

The trouble with the President and his fellow-expansionists is that they did not consider all these things soon enough. Would it not have been well, before building great fleets and raising great armies, to have weighed maturely whether our Constitution, as it stood, was suited to a nation entering on a career of conquest and dominion; whether our frequent changes of Executive, our frequent elections, our rapid and uncontrollable vagaries of public opinion on all sorts of subjects, the precarious condition of our finances, the furious influence of irresponsible editors, fitted us for the rule of distant and barbarous regions? Unquestionably, our present Constitution was not intended for a conquering nation with several different classes of citizens. A man with one eye can see that. The expansionists all see it themselves. They are, therefore, in order to get over the difficulty, engaged busily in pooh-poohing and evading the Constitution, like Tim Sullivan, as a "little thing between frinds," and announcing that it is no longer suited to the American people.

And yet the madness of all this lies in the fact that it is based on the supposition that Mr. McKinley, with his wisdom, will always be in power, doing "the best thing" for the nation; that the legislation, both State and Federal, will always be wise and moderate; that there will be no more Debses stopping railroad-trains, no more Tanners passing laws themselves and executing them before the Legislature meets, and no more Congresses voting millions to the President to be expended in his discretion. The day may come any year when we shall not be able to ward off a Bryan by lavish outlay of money, and when these "glory-crowned" expansionists will wish they had thought more of the wisdom of the old fogies of the last century and of the "hymns" which, one learned man says, were sung at the cradle of the Republic, but are too childish for the giants of these days.

SAMOA AS AN EXAMPLE.

It is a thousand pities that Robert Louis Stevenson did not live to write the later acts of the Samoan drama—farce or tragedy, one scarcely knows which to call it. What a Vailima Letter he could have made out of the occurrences confusedly reported in the latest news from the Samoan Islands. In his 'Footnote to History,' Stevenson employed his picturesque pen to convey to the civilized world some idea of the overriding of native preferences and rights which was going on under the benevolent protectorate of three great Christian Powers; but nothing which he ever witnessed could have quite equalled the events of the past fortnight, of which we are now getting such astonishing accounts.

There is a disputed succession. Rival claimants to the throne take the field in the good old way. But the Chief Justice decides in favor of Malietoa Tanus. Who is the Chief Justice? One Chambers of Alabama, U. S. A. No wonder that Mataafa and his followers think that gentleman's opinions of small account. They number five thousand good fighting men; Malietoa has but a thousand; what can be clearer than that the court has made a wrong decision? Besides, there is a gentleman from Germany to agree with them. The German Consul overrules the American Chief Justice. He does it by breaking into the court-room, and then putting private locks of his own on the doors, to keep out all dissenting judges. Meanwhile, the President of the Municipal Council, also a gentleman from Germany, goes into the balcony and screams out, "I am the Supreme Court. I am the Chief Justice!" It is to the marines that he appropriately tells this whopper, and at last accounts the American and British marines were gallantly joining "hands all round" and throwing the Germans into the street.

Is this farce or tragedy? We cannot decide before the final curtain. The warships are hurrying, the German press is muttering, the English papers are chuckling and saying that America is in no mood to be snubbed by Germany, and the dénouement is some days off. But whatever the result as affecting the relations of the three countries caught in this "miserable tangle," as one of the London papers calls it (and we have no doubt there will be a peaceful adjustment), the whole thing is a capital illustration of the beauties of long-range and arbitrary government of natives

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who do not want to be governed. Samoa is a convenient example of the sort of thing we are preparing for ourselves on an immensely greater scale in the Philippines. We must have a coaling-station at Pago-Pago, we are told, because it is a half-way house on the road to Manila. Well, if these things occur in the half-way house, what may we expect when we get still further away, and have 2,000 islands to deal with instead of 20, and 8,000,000 natives instead of 35,000? If it does not turn out a case of going further and faring worse, then all signs fail.

Secretary Gresham, in his long report to Congress in 1894, traversed the whole history of our relations to the Samoan Islands, and asked pertinently at the end, "What have we gained beyond the expenses, the responsibilities, and the entanglements?" Of the Berlin agreement under which we had been acting, he truthfully said that it "has utterly failed to correct, if indeed it has not aggravated, the very evils which it was designed to prevent." This might have been foreseen. The Treaty of Berlin professed to grant to the Samoans an "autonomous government." Yet it vested all real power in foreigners. The Chief Justice is a foreigner and appointed by foreigners; yet he has an enormous jurisdiction, and his decisions are final. He not only determines who is rightfully King, but what powers the King may exercise; he recommends as well as interprets laws; he has exclusive jurisdiction over all cases affecting real property and all cases whatever affecting foreigners. The Municipal Council, composed of six members and a president, is the supposed organ of local autonomy; but its president is always a foreigner, and its orders "have no effect till approved by the three foreign councils, or, if they fail to agree, by the Chief Justice." Such is the pretence of autonomous government granted the islanders. As for the aim of the Berlin Treaty to prevent Germany, England, and the United States from squabbling over their several rights in Samoa, it has been no better attained. Friction has always existed and seems to-day worse than ever.

Such a thing it is for a country to depart from its "established policy." We do not now refer to the mere acquisition of distant territory, but to the question of governing it. Now it was Mr. Blaine himself, an expansionist before the expansionists, who, on April 11, 1889, pointed out, in his instructions to our negotiators at Berlin, that the plan of governing natives without their consent was "not in harmony with the established policy of this government." It is not. Vice-kings and judges and councils forced upon a people half-round the globe are no more an American institution than they would be in darkest Pennsylvania. Samoa is giving us a foretaste of what awaits us in the Philippines. It would be a warning to Congress if Congress were in a mood to see a warning in anything. A man does not break his leg twice over the same stone; but Congress has a way of doing it not twice, but twenty times. Having scourged us with Samoan whips, it is anxious to try the effect of Philippine scorpions.

EXPANSIONIST DREAMS.

When Gen. Grant was in London many years ago, he had an attendant in the person of Adam Badeau, a newspaper reporter who had turned warrior for a brief season, and signed his notes in London as "Brigadier-General in attendance." Badeau, who accompanied his chief to many scenes of gayety and splendor, was struck on these occasions by the fact that every foreign general was covered with orders and decorations, and it made him feel small that Gen. Grant, who had conducted a great war, had none, just as the imperialists feel about the great William McKinley having no colonies and the great New Jersey Griggs having no "subject races" to rule. So he determined that this state of things should not last, that he would provide his general with orders himself if there was no one else to do it. He accordingly composed or constructed a decoration made up of army-corps badges, all stuck together, which, in the matter of size, value, and conspicuousness, made the European notabilities hang their heads. Gen. Grant wore it, it is said, at one dinner, where it excited intense interest and curiosity. The proudest European nobles felt that if they could find out what potentate bestowed the decoration, they must have one, even if it should require a declaration of war. Unhappily, the American Minister of that day was not equally impressed. He heard some of the more knowing laugh over it; saw that poor Gen. Grant was being made ridiculous; gave him the wink, and the decoration, in the twinkling of an eye, became old gold simply.

At present the rich men who elected and surround William McKinley are of all things desirous to make him a *de facto* sovereign, like the Queen of England, with a full set of colonies and "subjects." So they wish to keep out of sight, as well as they can, the fact that he is the creature of a written constitution, that he has no power except what the Constitution gives him, that without it he would be plain William McKinley of Canton, Ohio. So they pretend as well as they can that he is the head of a government just like hers; that, like her, he has not only constitutional powers, but prerogatives inherent in his sacred person, and that he can of his own motion put fleets and armies on the ocean and extend his sway to any place in which the resistance will not be too vigorous. So they run around saying, "Did any one ever hear of a nation the size of ours which had no foreign possessions? Look at England—see how many she has. Look at her new conquest in the Sudan. How is it to be governed? Have you not read in the papers that Lord Cromer said it was to be governed by the Queen? Why then do you object to having our foreign possessions governed by the wise and good McKinley? What is the matter with you? Why are you always growling? Whoop-la!"

On Sunday last there was a diverting passage in this line in the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's paper, which is the more significant as the Hon. Whitelaw will undoubtedly be one of the proudest nobles at the new court. Speaking of Lord Cromer's declaration to the Dervishes in the Sudan about their new future, it says:

> "Of course, it may be objected that this action of the British is criminal aggression, rank imperialism, et cetera, and that it is a shameful thing to set up a government at Omdurman without a favorable plebiscitum in Dem Bekir. But we doubt whether such considerations will undo or defeat the convention which has been made, or will turn back the rising tide of civilization in the dark continent."

We see here how, under cover of a withering bit of sarcasm, the reader is given to understand that there is no difference between the Queen's government and that of William McKinley, and how probable it is that persons who call William McKinley's conquests "criminal aggression" would call Queen Victoria's the same thing. There is a certain discredit for William McKinley in living under a constitution, and we are not surprised, therefore, that his followers keep it out of sight as far as possible, and show that William's conquests are just the same as Victoria's. And, as a matter of fact, they are, except that Victoria's are authorized by descent and immemorial tradition, while William's are authorized by "growth." There was undoubtedly a time when Victoria's right to conquer and annex was disputed by turbulent nobles. William's right is disputed to-day by a very inferior class of persons, but his nobles are all with him, and the opposition of the vulgar sort will undoubtedly die out before long. The spirit of criticism about the acts of our Government is completely unknown at the English court. Nobody in good society finds fault with the Queen's Ministers. See how they go on here about the way the President thinks fit to deal with a few millions of barbarians.

THE REMARKABLE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The extraordinary change in the financial relations between the United States and Europe, by which, whether temporarily or permanently, this country has been transformed from a continuous borrower on the foreign markets into the most im-

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portant lender on the same markets, is commonly described as a new and sudden development. The change, however, really dates back a year or more. It was as long ago as the autumn of 1897 that the financial public began to hear of operations in foreign exchange which amounted to borrowing at New York for the purpose of deferring settlement of Europe's trade obligations to this country. Since then, the transaction has become even more distinct. Not only is New York capital loaned for the purpose of deferring European payments, but capital actually paid by foreigners to American creditors is left, in very large amounts, on deposit in the foreign cities, and is there used by our banking agents for loaning-out to European borrowers. The situation familiar to American finance from the beginning of our history until the close of 1896 is thus exactly reversed. Where our money markets have for a series of generations been accustomed, in seasons of active trade and high discount rates, to look to European capital for relief, Europe is now, and has been for twelve months, depending on American capital to meet the urgent needs of England and the Continent.

Nor does the series of contrasts stop here. During practically all of our previous history, the average rate for money in New York has ruled above the average rate at London and Berlin; the familiar explanation being that England was an old country, with immense accumulations of capital, whereas the United States is a new country, with its own accumulated capital still inadequate for the development of its home resources. But nearly throughout the last six months, the London money rate has held 1 per cent. or more above that at New York, and the Berlin rate nearly twice as high as ours.

Two months ago there occurred what bankers call a "squeeze" in most of the leading European money markets, in the course of which German rates advanced to the highest figure in eighteen years, while London and Paris were seriously disturbed. At any time prior to 1896, the result of such a foreign situation would have been instant recall of European capital from the American money centres, with resultant demoralization at New York and perhaps (as in November, 1890) a panicky overturn of our speculative markets. But in November, 1898, instead of recall of European capital to London and Berlin, there were witnessed very heavy advances of American capital to those markets. Such transfers moreover, instead of embarrassing the New York market, produced not a ripple of disturbance. Eventually, the needs of England and the Continent were satisfied by the American advances, and the course of our own markets proved that we had sent abroad only what could be readily spared from use at home.

Here was sufficient proof of a radical change, on the very largest scale, in the financial relations between the United States and Europe. What was perhaps an even more striking demonstration of the change occurred eight months before. We must first recall what happened in the American money market after the "Venezuela message" of December, 1895. The bare possibility of a diplomatic breach between Great Britain and the United States caused withdrawal of English capital from our markets, instantly and by wholesale. Sterling exchange ran up to panic prices; $26,000,000 gold was shipped in a single month; the rate for demand loans in New York rose to 50 per cent., and the security markets went to pieces. With this may be contrasted the action of the markets last March, when the Spanish-American war became inevitable. The New York money market tightened; but, with the first sign of stringency, recall of American capital from the foreign markets followed. Sterling exchange fell to the lowest figure, the local money rate eased off, and within two months $60,000,000 gold had been imported from Europe to the United States.

Most people are aware of the chief causes for this extraordinary reversal of position. Current statements of foreign trade point out the most essential factor. The recent returns for the full year 1898 show that during the last three years this country has shipped abroad $800,000,000 more merchandise than in the three years preceding. About two-thirds of this increase came from heavier shipments of products of the farm; at least a third, however, was in the form of non-agricultural and manufactured exports. But if the United States was thus enlarging its export of manufactured goods, it followed logically that foreign manufactures could in great part be dispensed with by our consumers. Therefore a decrease of some $200,000,000 in the imports of the last three years, as compared with the three years preceding, need astonish nobody. But the result, of course, is a merchandise trade balance in this country's favor for the period, greater by nearly a billion dollars than in the three preceding years.

It will not be imagined that this enormous mass of trade obligations was settled out of hand in the form of money. Such settlements are very rare in commerce. Part of it has been thus paid; our net gold import for 1898 alone was $141,000,000. But a very much larger part of the trade indebtedness was discharged by Europe's sales of its holdings of American securities—a natural transaction, certainly, since surrender of the capital with which these investments had been bought and carried placed the foreign community in a position where it could no longer carry all of them. But it should also be observed that this European realization, representing as it did redemption of its foreign debt by the United States, necessarily reduced by wholesale first the interest charges which were annually paid by us to Europe, and second, the total credit fund available for sale by Europe as a further offset to heavy trade balances. It is now a question of very curious interest and conjecture how much of this fund is left to-day in foreign investors' hands.

The question as to the permanency of this remarkable financial situation is the problem of deepest interest for the current year. We can see three possible events by which existing conditions might be positively altered—American harvest failure, which would at once curtail our agricultural export trade; a speculative rise in domestic staple prices, such as in other years has quickly arrested exports and abnormally inflated imports; or, finally, such blowing of bubbles in stock-market speculation as should derange the entire movement of capital. The last-mentioned possibility is on the whole the most dangerous of the three; of the others it must be said that neither farming advices nor market prices have as yet given serious warning.

THE ENGLISH POLITICAL MUDDLE.

In England, France, and America, both political parties have become so determinedly humanitarian that without the excitement of foreign politics one of them would go out of existence. In fact, it may be said that one of them has gone out of existence. The Liberal party in England has shared the fate of the Democratic party in this country. It exists only in name. It is just now supposed to be in a helpless condition for want of a leader, and violent quarrels are going on in its ranks—if it can be said to have ranks—over the question why it has no leader. There are various explanations of this. One is that Mr. Gladstone can have no successor, which is in a measure true. He was such an overpowering personality that, it is held, there must be a prolonged void after his departure, for some time at least. Another is that Lord Rosebery, who for some mysterious reason was selected for the post by somebody, some say by Mr. Gladstone himself, was not Liberal enough for the rank and file of the Liberals, and not Home-Rule enough for the Irish, and suffered too much from Sir William Harcourt's hostility. Sir William Harcourt says himself that the trouble is due to intestine quarrels and intrigues, though what they are about and who carries them on, does not appear. He also hints that they are due to "imperialism," or jingoism. Nearly every English magazine, in fact, contains a diagnosis of the Liberal case, but no two of the doctors agree as to the nature of the symptoms. The convulsions they describe, however, seem to go on mainly at the clubs and in the House

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of Commons; the country Liberals look on in apparent puzzle.

But no one can have read much of the Liberal literature during the last few years without feeling that the complaint was one with which all parties are more or less afflicted, with which the Republican party among us was near being brought to death's door, but for the war. In home politics all the parties are the victims of anæmia—that is, want of vitality. Parties derive life and strength from the desire of some sect or set of people for something or other that they can define. One of the signs of party disease or decay is always difficulty in finding a leader or programme. In the days of party growth or strength one never hears of the difficulty of getting some one to lead or some cause to advocate. In the days of the anti-slavery or of the anti-corn law struggle, any one who spent his time inquiring for a leader or a platform would have excited much amusement. Events made both the leader and the platform. It was so when the Liberal party undertook the passage of the Reform Bill. Leaders, even acceptable leaders, could be had by the half-dozen. Any one could lead who really loved the cause. In like manner here, the Republican party did not lack generals at the period of its formation.

When the Conservative party in England had something to conserve, it too was also very strong; that is, when it was defending the corn laws, or restricted suffrage, or the Irish Union. But, since the passage of the Reform Bill, having nothing to save, it has never been able to supply leaders of its own party. Sir Robert Peel was its last. Ever since his time it has had to hire mercenaries, renegade Liberals like Disraeli and Chamberlain, who were willing to fight under any flag which gave them titles and decorations. It is really, therefore, little better off than the Liberals, except that it has that great party bond, the offices. If it had to fight now for mere existence, like the Liberals, it would be as badly off as the Liberals. It has only one first-class fighting man, Mr. Chamberlain, and it would never have had him without the best pickings.

The trouble everywhere is not so much about parties and programmes as about principles. Both parties, as we have said, have done the work of preserving or reforming. The political institutions have been brought down to the democratic level. Neither can well go any lower. Both proclaim the welfare of the masses to be their leading concern, both propose the same remedies, and each doubts the sincerity of the other. Exactly the same thing has happened here. Our politicians on both sides are crazy about the physical comfort of the people, and want to promote it in the same way; so that, except an extremely slight difference of character, there is no reason for wishing one to be in office more than the other. In this extremity war is the resource always of the party in power. Both the Republicans and Conservatives are now getting out of their domestic difficulties in the same way—that is, by going the other side "one better," by undertaking to "thrash somebody"; a programme which most delights the people, and makes the other side appear poorest and most miserable.

We do not believe that there will be any revival of the Liberal party in England without the coming up of some stimulating and exciting question, and that may not be for years. But the question we ourselves think most likely to play that rôle is the disestablishment of the Church. No question lies anywhere so near the popular heart, or furnishes every day better weapons for agitators. The resistance, too, will be feeble. Large numbers of the clergy themselves would join in the assault on the church battlements. The agitation this year is only the rumbling of the storm. How to cut the church loose from the state without sacrificing the beauties of its services and edifices, and curtailing the religious instruction of the people, will be the problem, and no more serious one has ever engaged the attention of a statesman; but it will hardly come to the front until everybody has been "licked" and people are tired of conquest.

LICENSE IN ENGLISH RHYME.—I.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY,
December 30, 1898.

"The poet's eye" has very properly been the central theme of appraisers of poetry from Shakspere to John Ruskin and George Henry Lewes; and much that is luminous, with not a little that is obscure, has been written about imagination and vision and sincerity. That the poet's ear has received somewhat less than its fair share of attention may be due to a natural delicacy about dragging that organ into prominence. But it is not right that the vital element of harmony—how vital we may learn from the case of men (like Emerson) to whose transcendent faculties of vision this adjunct has been in any measure denied—should be thrust so far back into the critical consciousness. Nor is it right that we should hear more about that "other harmony" of prose than about the primal harmony of poetry. The subject is confessedly a difficult one. Every critic holds himself competent to judge whether or not the poet has seen true—the appeal to patent facts is so easy; but to sit in judgment upon his musical faculty is a different matter. A few have attempted it, and we remember with gratitude the appreciations of critics like De Quincey and the late Mr. Symonds. But these critics have for the most part confined their observations to the subject of rhythm, the most obvious as well as the fundamental and indispensable feature of English verse. Upon the minor, adventitious feature of rhyme, it would be difficult to point to any adequate word.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to attempt to supply that word. Sidney Lanier might have done it had he not been hopelessly committed to unpractical theories which grew out of his confusion of the poet's with the musician's art. Mr. Stedman or Professor Corson might do it, and, indeed, the contributions which the latter has already made to the subject cannot be overlooked. Our present purpose, however, is much less ambitious, being merely to set forth certain aspects of a practice common to all English poets; to contribute, if may be, something definite to the vexed subject of license in English rhyme. Random notes and queries and an occasional half-hearted protest betray an uneasiness of conscience on this subject on the part of the verse-reading public, which it seems worth while to try to set at rest.*

Let it be understood at the outset that the question is not purely nor chiefly an historical or scientific one. It lies more properly within the field of æsthetics. We must therefore beware of dogmatism. The spirit must be one of open inquiry, or, where that will no further avail, of a hesitating appeal to personal taste. It has been the mistake of nearly all writers on poetics that they have tried to lay down laws; but any attempt at legislation in the technique of English poetry must give offence to a people who rejoice in the possession of a Shakspere and no Academy. We may safely hold that the laws of rhyme, like the laws of language, will take care of themselves. Certainly the professor is not the poet's keeper. And the present writer desires it clearly understood that no matter how often he shall find a poet's practice failing to square with a prosodist's rules, he will give himself no uneasiness.

The question is this: Should any license in English rhyme be recognized? Should a poet permit himself to use imperfect or so-called "allowable" rhymes—pairs of words whose sounds through the rhyming portion do not exactly correspond, as *love, prove; gaze, face; see, liberty?*

The question has been somewhat obscured by a secondary one that seems not very relevant—the question, namely, whether we should recognize such a thing as a "rhyme to the eye." Of course, the appeal of poetry is to the ear; rhyme is fundamentally a matter of sound, and the question is on the face of it something of an absurdity. We are not aware that any one has ever pleaded for or defended rhymes to the eye that are not in some measure rhymes to the ear, as *indict* and *afflict, though* and *enough*. Possibly there have been those who would debar rhymes to the ear that are not also rhymes to the eye, as *fine* and *sign*. A critic in *Literature*, writing in approval of the view of this subject taken by Mr. Brander Matthews in the late September number of *Longman's Magazine*, rather amusingly assumes that Dr. Holmes was of these, for he (the critic) writes: "Rhyme is a matter of pronunciation solely, not of orthography. . . . Oliver Wendell Holmes's contempt for the rhyme of *morn* and *dawn* was quite unjustifiable." Severe as Dr. Holmes was upon aspiring poets, this is surely a hardship he never meant to inflict, namely, that two words may not be rhymed simply because they are spelled differently. The Bri-

* We are familiar with the reader of poetry who feels obliged to perpetuate a "poetic" pronunciation of the noun *wind* because he finds it rhymed with *kind*. And some one, in the 'Standard Dictionary,' is responsible for citing Mrs. Browning as authority for pronouncing *idyl* with short *i*, presumably because she rhymes it with *middle* in a poem in which she also rhymes *satire* with *nature!*

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tish critic does not know that there are tracts and provinces of earth where *dawn* and *morn* are poorer rhymes to the ear than *farm* and *warm*, poorer because the difference is not vocalic alone, but semi-consonantal—the difference, that is to say, of a distinctly pronounced or even trilled *r*. The narrowness of Dr. Holmes's view lay only in his regarding the suppressed *r* as Yankee or Cockney, therefore provincial, therefore outcast. If *morn* and *dawn* are perfect rhymes to the Londoner's ear (and Mr. Matthews even, a New Yorker, declares that any pronunciation of the words which does not make them quite impeccable as a rhyme seems to him stilted), there is no more to say. Londoners and Mr. Matthews's New Yorkers will use them, and there is no longer any hypercritical Dr. Holmes to object.

But something is still to be said for this rhyme to the eye, and we do not feel like dismissing the matter with a fling at the palpable absurdity of pairing *though* with *enough*. If the ear derives pleasure from a repetition of sounds, so also does the eye derive pleasure from a repetition of forms. The pleasure in this case is undeniably subordinate, for form as exhibited by collocation of printed letters can make but a low æsthetic appeal. But symmetry is symmetry, and the appeal is there. To-day we get our poetry mostly by reading it in silence, and while true lovers of poetry do not fail to realize the music of the verse to the inner ear, the fact remains that the ear is reached through the eye. Therefore, it does not seem wholly absurd to assume that the eye has now some shadow of a claim in this controversy. Many readers are conscious of a slight shock when they see *stuff* rhymed with *enough*. Spenser, with his fine artistic sense, recognized this when he used the large orthographic license of his day to bring into literal conformity the great majority of his rhyme-words; as, *knight, quight* (which he otherwise spells *quite); ayd, dismayd; world, horld*, and hundreds of others. And if similarity of spelling adds to perfection of rhyme, may it not be held also to detract from imperfection, to atone (as it were) for a fault of sound? Will not the eye assist in the illusion and make the imperfection seem less glaring? As a matter of fact, poets, and presumably their readers with them, have looked with a greater degree of favor upon the rhyming of *come* with *home* than with *roam*, or of *home* with *come* than with *succumb*. As a matter of principle and reason, have they not been right? So far as pleasure in rhyme rests upon a perception of the fitness of things, that pleasure may be enhanced by formal symmetry. But, of course, no poet will ever hold that a lack of such symmetry presents any serious obstacle to rhyme.

To come now to the main question—the question of license in rhyme considered as sound only. Those who argue against "allowable" rhymes and in favor of absolute perfection fail to take into consideration two fundamental conditions. The first is the elusive and unstable character of pronunciation. It seems to be assumed that pronunciation is a fixed quantity, and that we can say positively that two given words make a perfect rhyme and that two others do not. Now perhaps no two sets of vocal organs can produce quite the same sound. Of course this objection would be futile, for, while you may not pronounce *remember* just as I do, yet you are consistent with yourself in pronouncing it like *ember, November*, etc. But when we come to pairing words of slightly different composition, it is hard even for the individual to tell what words he does or should pronounce as rhymes. Will he rhyme *airy* with *Mary* or with *marry* or with *merry*, or only with *fairy* and *chary?* He cannot let dictionaries decide the matter for him—they could not well register all subtle distinctions even if there were uniformity among speakers in making the distinctions. By many dictionaries the letter *o* is marked alike in the words *not, dog, loss, on*. Yet a pronunciation of the three latter words which should make the *o* as open as in *not* would be held affected. Although neither you nor I would dare to say *dawg, lawss, awn*, neither presumably do we say *dŏg, lŏss, ŏn*. The common pronunciation of *on* is probably somewhere between *don* and *dawn*, tending among careful speakers to approximate to or coalesce with the former.

Besides this individual divergence of pronunciation there is the provincial disagreement, which is a far more serious obstacle. It has been declared that an Ohioan's pronunciation of *pen* is not always distinguishable on the one hand from a New Yorker's pronunciation of *pan*, nor on the other hand from a Tennesseean's pronunciation of *pin*. And sometimes this disagreement is found in words containing the same vowel. In London, *been* prevailingly rhymes with *seen*, and *rather* with *father;* in San Francisco, *been* rhymes with *sin*, and *rather* with *gather*. Clearly here is a difficulty in the way of this theory of perfect rhymes. Either the Londoner's poetry must be kept sacred to London ears or I, a San Franciscan, must give up my habitual pronunciation for the moment and say *fäther* and *räther*, and *dawn* and *mawn*. And what if *rather* and *morn* happen to come first in the pairs of rhymes? Can I in decency say *fäther* and *dorn?*

The second fact which the supporters of the perfect-rhyme theory seem not sufficiently to consider is the nature of rhyme itself. Our definition of rhyme has always been somewhat elastic like our usage; of course, usage has given the definition. Rhyme means recurrence of the same sounds. But of how many sounds, and in what position? We have beginning-rhyme (alliteration), middle-rhyme (assonance), and end rhyme; or we have all combined—identical rhyme (sometimes confusingly called perfect rhyme). Since the present discussion has to do with end-rhyme alone, the others may be dismissed. Now end-rhyme, or simply "rhyme" as we are in the habit of calling it, consists in the recurrence of how many sounds? Of all sounds, we say, from the vowel of the last stressed syllable to the end of the word, with at the same time a dissimilarity of the sounds or sound groups, if any, just preceding that vowel. If the words end with a vowel sound, we have end-rhyme pure and simple; if they end with a consonant, we go back and include the vowel sounds, making a combination of assonance and simple end-rhyme. This represents our ordinary understanding of the matter and affords a fair working definition. But this definition having been derived merely from the prevailing and fairly consistent practice of poets, there is manifestly no warrant for turning round and applying it as an iron-clad rule.

The question of legitimate rhyme is precisely a question of how far we shall carry uniformity of sound, and whether we must always carry it to the same length. Now the quantity of uniformity, so to speak, varies much with different rhymes. *Length* and *strength* yield a fuller rhyme, fuller by a nasal, than *breath* and *saith; moan* and *sown* are fuller than *mob* and *sob*. We use such rhymes in succession; we do not object even when a single rhyme like *mob* and *sob* is followed by a double one like *ember* and *remember*. We accept very light rhymes and very heavy rhymes. Why, then, should we insist that in a single pair of rhyming words, no matter how heavy the rhyming portion may already be, that portion shall always extend back to and include the vowel of the accented syllable? Why not rhyme *amber* with *chamber* and *forest* with *sorest*, seeing that, although the stressed vowels differ, so much yet remains to constitute a rhyme? It is true, the stressed vowel carries great weight—it is the most distinctive element of the word; and that is doubtless why, in the great majority of cases, it is included in the rhyme. But that is not a sufficient reason why it should always be included, nor is it any reason why every sound following it should invariably be included. The principle of harmony amid diversity which we have seen to underlie our theory of rhyme, can be as legitimately applied here as elsewhere.

Let us see now what the actual practice of our poets has been. We are not concerned with the difficult question of the origin of end-rhyme, nor with its rise to recognition in English poetry. We know that at certain periods, even after its use by Chaucer, it was regarded by scholarly poets or "makers" as unworthy of their art and fit only for use in popular jingles. Whether the composers of these rude jingles were to be more trusted for exactness in rhyming than the poets who were conscious artists, is an open question. Mr. A. J. Ellis ('Early English Pronunciation') holds that they were. "When few people can read, rhymes to be intelligible must be perfect. . . . Licenses always produce a disagreeable effect upon children and unlettered adults." But it seems unlikely that rude rhymers of an early day would be very different from unskilled rhymers of the present day, who persist in mating such words as *rain, same; keep, street; whether, ever; market, carpet*. Mr. Ellis's statement can be held true only so far as to be taken to mean that there must be perfect correspondence in some one sound, vowel or consonant. *Up, luck; home, Joan; fishes, ditches* were always good enough for nursery rhymes. But to turn to the poets, the practice of Chaucer and Gower is clear. They aimed to use only perfect rhymes as we understand the term to-day, with the difference that, under the influence of foreign models, they did not insist upon a dissimilarity of the consonants preceding the vowels, using very freely identical or "rich" rhymes. They admit a few rhymes which we cannot consider absolutely exact on any theory of pronunciation (as *were, beere; found, hond; remember, tender*), but such are clearly conscious departures from their ideal, forced upon them by the poverty of rhymes of which Chaucer somewhere complains. Wyatt, on the other hand, with a few other versifiers, went to the opposite extreme of sometimes ignoring the entire stressed syllable and rhyming upon unstressed suffixes; as *coming, parting* (the metre shows that the accent is penultimate); *uncertain, mountain; remember, measure; then, seldome*. Such are the extremes of practice

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before Spenser. It is interesting to note that the oldest known Anglo-Saxon poem employing end-rhyme throughout (Conybeare's Rhyming Poem, Exeter MS.) contains just about the proportion of divergences from exact rhyme that we may expect to find in any poem to-day.

Beginning with Spenser, though the problem of pronunciation remains always a vexing one, we can make out a tendency toward greater definiteness in one direction with less exactness in another. The tendency is to restrict the limits of the license, but to extend the resort to license within those limits. The full, identical rhymes, though still used *(descent, per cent.*—Pope; *ray, array*—Shelley; *sea, see*—Swinburne), are exceptional. Cases of mere assonance or vowel-rhyme *(broken, open*—Shakspere; *win, him*—Rossetti), except where deliberately adopted, as in several poems by Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, are also of rare occurrence. Rhymes like Wyatt's upon unstressed syllables are scarcely to be found at all. The limits are practically narrowed to our present definition of end-rhyme as given some distance back. On the other hand, the practice of substituting for identical sounds (within the rhyming portion of the words) merely approximate sounds, whether vowel or consonant or both, has been freely adopted and extended. Spenser himself was still much inclined to cling to the Chaucerian ideal in this respect and allow no mere approximations, as is evident from his resort to violent distortion of words and to all sorts of dialectal forms to secure exactness of rhyme: *swim, clim (climb); jawes, wawes (waves); rift, clift; grieffe, clieffe.* But there remains a very large number of positively imperfect rhymes which he allowed to stand, some of them mere assonances; *deckt, set; cherisht, florisht; mourne, learne*, etc. Since the end of the sixteenth century, poets have frankly adopted many imperfect rhymes, of which the following are types:

Shakspere: *Noon, son; love, prove; feast, guest.*

Pope: *Toast, lost; devil, civil; remained, land.*

Keats: *Essences, lees; woodlander, spur; honor, donor; innumerable, tell.*

Tennyson: *Curse, horse; gaze, face; Christ, mist.*

Rossetti: *Veterans, France; strong, flung; indeed, openèd, fire-footed.*

ALPHONSO G. NEWCOMER.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

LONDON, January 3, 1899.

So much was written about Burne-Jones a few months ago, at the time of his death, that it would seem useless to attempt any further criticism, to offer any new estimate, if it were not that the two exhibitions of his work just opened in London are far too important to be passed in silence. One is at the New Gallery, the other at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Of the two, the collection at the New Gallery is the more fully representative. The paintings shown begin with the water-colors of the early sixties, and end only with the large "Arthur at Avalon" upon which he was still working at the time of his death. His beautiful tapestries have been brought from Stanmore Hall. Innumerable drawings complete the collection. A famous series like the "Briar-Rose" may be missing, or single pictures like the "Star of Bethlehem." You will look in vain for his stained glass; and, indeed, much of his work, having been done for definite decorative ends, must necessarily be omitted from such an exhibition. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club the collection is smaller and limited to his drawings, but for this very reason it seems to me more perfect and complete in itself, for I think Burne-Jones is always most interesting in his studies and sketches. The managers of each show have published an excellent catalogue which will relieve the Morellis of the future of a large part of their labors where Burne-Jones is concerned; while in the introduction to the catalogue of the New Gallery, Mr. Comyns Carr quotes a few lines from a letter in which Burne-Jones has made for himself the record which it has taken an army of critics, in a whole library of books, to invent or imagine for the Florentine or Venetian painter of the past. So long as these lines survive, there can be no question of the origin and development of his art, of the masters he accepted, and the influences he came under at the most critical stages of his career—in a word, no chance for his psychological reconstruction. If few artists have been so successful in their lifetime, few have left such exact data about their work for posterity.

The passage in the letter to which I refer deserves to be quoted in full. It is, in the slang of a few years back, a human document of the utmost value. It explains Burne-Jones better than he could be explained by the eloquence of any one else:

"I think Morris's friendship began everything for me—everything that I afterwards cared for. We were freshmen together at Exeter. When I left Oxford I got to know Rossetti, whose friendship I sought and obtained. He is, you know, the most generous of men to the young. I couldn't bear with a young man's dreadful sensitiveness and conceit as he bore with mine. He taught me practically all I ever learnt; afterwards I made a method for myself to suit my nature. He gave me courage to commit myself to imagination without shame—a thing both bad and good for me. It was Watts much later who compelled me to try and draw better. I quarrel now with Morris about art. He journeys to Iceland, and I to Italy—which is a symbol—and I quarrel too with Rossetti. If I could travel backwards I think my heart's desire would take me to Florence in the time of Botticelli."

As you walk through the rooms hung with his pictures, you feel that the history of his art could not be more admirably summed up. Chronological order is fairly well followed, so that you come in the first room of all to the water-colors he painted when the spell of Rossetti was strong upon him—"Clara von Bork," "Sidonia von Bork," "Green Summer," "The Forge of Cupid," and too many others to mention, little gems of rich, warm, glowing color. You see in them often enough how much he stood in need of the counsels of Mr. Watts. The drawing is primitive to the last degree. His large, opulent ladies are opulent in one dimension only, I have heard it said of them. But there is a splendor, a vitality, an ardor in his work of this date that helps you to forget its shortcomings. "It was Watts much later who compelled me to try and draw better"—with some of the beautiful pictures of the seventies as a result; pictures painted when he had gained in knowledge what it must be confessed he had lost in ardor and vitality. The splendor of color had not yet faded, however, and the "Chant d'Amour," standing midway between his early Rossetti manner and his later entirely Burne-Jones manner, is perhaps his masterpiece. I was a little afraid that seeing it again might destroy my old illusions; for the "Laus Veneris," on a second inspection, I found terribly crude and raw in color, and not to be redeemed even by the really exquisite design of the background. But the "Chant d'Amour" holds its own, to-day as in the past; and though without claim to originality, though you can trace throughout the influence of Rossetti, though you seem to see now Giorgione, now Botticelli struggling with him for supremacy, its beauty is unquestionable, and it is probably one of the pictures by which Burne-Jones will be best remembered. "Afterwards I made a method for myself to suit my nature"—the method, now accepted as characteristically Burne-Jones, which in the eighties and nineties mastered and overpowered him. Need I say what I mean by this? Does not the artist's very name suggest the strange, pale, gray-blue land, where weary heroes and anæmic maidens wander sad and heavy-laden with the burden of life? Weariness may have its pictorial quality, and I quite agree with Mr. Comyns Carr that an artist cannot always be in the mood to pose as an athlete. But I think that in many of the later pictures the new ideals had so taken possession of the artist as to come near destroying his feeling for beauty. There are designs in which his men and women as symbols of sadness become almost clumsy and grotesque; while the method that suited his nature sometimes made him forget the method that better suited the painter. Never, in his more mature years, though he had trained himself as a draughtsman, did he work with the same freedom and breadth as in the little water-colors. It is curious to contrast the beautifully indicated landscapes in several of these with the labored, tortured foliage in "The Beguiling of Merlin," for instance.

The full rein he gave to his imagination was, as he admitted, bad as well as good for him, and often caused him to lose a just sense of proportion. The strong absorbed him, was everything to him, and yet it is the strong that counts least in many of his compositions. If you take as an example the "Mirror of Venus," one of his most popular pictures, thanks to the engravings after it, you will find that the "painted poem" he always sought to produce is in the wonderful, the romantic landscape of the background, and not in the group of figures in which he intended the interest to be concentrated. I look at Venus and her maidens only to wish they were not standing there, on the edge of the pool, to break so fine a harmony; and I question, too, if Burne-Jones, had he not vowed himself to mysticism, might not have become one of our great modern landscape painters.

Of course, when Burne-Jones used the term "painted poem," and when his "poetic intention" was praised by Rossetti, we understand what was meant. Mr. Comyns Carr, in his introduction, explains it clearly by his reference to Rossetti's "endeavor to rescue from the traditions of the past, and to refashion according to present needs, a language that might aptly render the visions of legend and romance." But the true painter's poetry is quite a different thing, and lovely and picturesque as was their conception of many an old story or myth, both Rossetti and Burne-Jones were often serious-

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ly handicapped by the medium with which they sought to give it expression. Burne-Jones, of the two, was the more accomplished technician, it is true, but he was not so inspired a poet, and unfortunately he cultivated the idea, the poetic intention, much to the neglect of purely technical qualities. At least, this is how I account to myself for the disappointment that mingled with my pleasure as I passed from one to another of the long series of pictures at the New Gallery. But in his drawings he was never so restricted by his medium, probably because, as a rule, he did not try to express so much with it. Pencil and chalk and crayon served him only for preliminary sketches and studies, frequently elaborate enough, but still notes and memoranda of designs and compositions to be carried out on quite a different scale and with quite different materials. For this reason, there is less to disturb or interrupt one's pleasure in his drawings, and as the collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club is limited to them, it has proved, to me certainly, more wholly delightful than the larger and fuller collection at the New Gallery.

It is as impossible to enter into detail about each separate drawing as it was in the case of the paintings. I can merely explain the general character of the show and the impression one receives from it. Perhaps nothing more interesting is exhibited than the very early pen-and-ink drawings, dating from 1856 to about 1863. Like the early water-colors, they reveal the influence of Rossetti. Their amazing elaboration would seem a fault, for wash would have given the same effect far more directly and simply, if it were not that the results are so amusing. The catalogue does not explain whether they were designed for any definite purpose, but, as far as I can remember, none was ever reproduced and published at the time. Burne-Jones was one of the group of illustrators of the sixties, and he has contributed to *Good Words* and the other publications that have lately become so famous. But his illustrations of that period, all told, were very few, and no wonder, if he always presented the wood-engraver with such an impossible task as the engraving of these drawings would have been. Nothing could be more minutely finished, no design more intricate. There are as many as seventy figures in the largest, "Buondelmonte's Wedding," and the incident is varied in proportion. The subjects are usually mediæval or Biblical—the subjects, that is, which Millais and Holman Hunt and Rossetti and Sandys were treating in their illustrations; and not even Mr. Sandys ever "packed" a drawing more ingeniously and arranged it more decoratively. The manner is Rossetti's—so much so that when you look at two of the drawings, "The Waxen Image" and "Going to the Battle," you could almost be sure of the two Rossettis he had before him while he worked, if only the date in the case of the former did not show that the pupil really must have anticipated his master. His more recent illustrations, with one exception, are not here at all, though there are two or three series of designs for books and manuscripts which he and William Morris undertook together; schemes which ultimately fell through. It so happens that some of the Kelmscott drawings have been sent to a show of black-and-white in South London, but their absence is less to be regretted, since, as is well known, Burne-Jones left it to his assistants to make the final designs for the wood-engraver, and his sketches can hardly be said to represent him as an illustrator of books.

Most of the other drawings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club are much more familiar and have been far oftener seen than his pen-and-ink work. There are the pencil drawings, entirely finished as far as design goes, and delicate and tender as silver points; the careful studies of drapery, of hands and feet, of plumage and foliage, proofs of the conscientious study and hard work he brought to the painting of every one of his pictures; dainty little sketches in washes or chalk on a ground of color, notes of harmonies and arrangements to be used later; the large, melancholy heads he drew so frequently in recent years, which he himself valued so highly that it was by them he chose to be represented in almost all the great international shows on the Continent. In some of his drawings there is a tendency to the same over-elaboration that mars his paintings; in others, especially the chalk studies on tinted paper, simply and freely put in, there is something of the bigness and stateliness of the Old Masters.

He is least satisfactory in his portraits done in chalk or pencil. A number hang in a room apart, as if to call attention to their weakness. They represent varying phases of one unalterable type; never, no matter how they are labelled, sitters or models of distinct character and individuality. I must say one word about his drawings for children, though they were never intended for exhibition. Apparently, he made them solely to amuse his own or his friend's children, and they are intentionally as primitive and childlike as possible. But they are full of real fun, as gay as his pictures are sad. A grotesque study of a cat and a delicious Noah's Ark are models of what such things should be, and one envies the children who possessed them.

That the two exhibitions are of immense interest, that they give an unequalled opportunity to study the life's work of Burne-Jones, I hope I have proved in pointing out the ground each covers. But, unfortunately, this opportunity, which may never occur again, has come too soon for a final decision as to the rank he holds as an artist. It will be some time before his work can be analyzed and judged dispassionately. He still lives for us in the glamour of romance through which we now see the Pre-Raphaelites and their followers. Though he was not one of the original group, he speedily became, in the eyes of the public, the central personage in the picturesque episode of Pre-Raphaelitism. He may have had his critics; Mr. Comyns Carr seems to take them so seriously as to resent their hostility. But without critics, there would not have been the same picturesqueness in his attitude, in his isolation, as it were, from the common herd of artists. It took many years for Frenchmen to believe that some of the giants of 1830 were but pygmies after all, while how often, on the other hand, do the pygmies of one generation become the giants of the next? It is probable that Burne-Jones will always remain one of the most striking and individual figures in the history of English art during the second half of the nineteenth century; whether he will seem one of the greatest artists is another question. But a certain fact is that his influence, never more than superficial, dies with him. With him, there is an end to the movement which began as Pre-Raphaelitism, and which, though its fundamental doctrine was a return to nature, led to the mediævalism, the mysticism—the Neo-Gothic school, as it was called—of which the old Grosvenor Gallery was the Temple and Burne-Jones the High Priest. N. N.

Correspondence.

"DESTINY" LEGALIZED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You anti-expansion fanatics keep up such a bitter war that peaceful waiters upon "destiny" who would be content to sit still and see things come their way, are perforce dragged into the fight. I ask you, as a liberal adversary, to give this aid and comfort to your enemy. The argument seems conclusive:

"Tous les usurpateurs veulent conserver par les lois ce qu'ils ont envahi par les armes; sans cet intérêt naturel de jouir paisiblement de ce qu'on a volé, il n'y aurait de société sur la terre."

The rôle of prophet was the last the universal old Frenchman would have aspired to; but he was a seer, and his wonderful foresight seems to have reached far into our age and time.

Columbia, Pa., January 23, 1899.

THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATIVE INSTRUCTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Was there ever a more palpable case of going back on one's own principles than the recent action of the California Legislature in instructing the California Senators to vote for Philippine extension and for imperialism? Their State has been fighting bitterly for years against Chinese cheap labor, and involving the country in all manner of stringent laws to shut it out, and now it turns around and asks, not only to have its ports open to similar labor, but that twelve millions of it be added bodily to the country itself! What can the workingmen of California and of the nation generally be thinking of in favoring such a movement? Is it said that the Filipinos are too poor and too ignorant ever to leave their own islands to come into competition with the workingmen of America? Doubtless that is true of them if left to their own initiative. But how inevitable it is that the same thing will be done with them that has been done in the past with the Chinese—great companies be organized, and steamships employed to bring them here by the thousands and to flood with them the American labor market. The Illinois coal-miners have been thrown into convulsions lately by having a few hundred negroes brought from a neighboring State to take the miners' places. But how will it be when swarms of their dusky brethren are brought here to be their competitors in every kind of work, and when, with them made their fellow-citizens, there will be no possibility under our Constitution of making laws against them, as we now have made them against the Chinese? And of all places in the country, to think that California, which will be the first State to be flooded with such labor, should instruct its representatives to prepare its way!

I have no prejudice against either Chinese

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or Filipinos as human beings. I should like to see them all happy and prosperous. But it is nature's method, in bringing about happiness, to have each race of people and each type of civilization, the same as each species of animals and of plants, developed true first of all to its own type, rather than to have them mixed up in a common mush, where each, instead of helping the other, tends only to degrade the whole stock; and then, when they are thus separately developed, its method is to unite them in a larger organism where each, because of its very distinctness from the others, can best do its part. It is evidently to promote this separate type development that nature has placed races and nations in their separate localities and endowed them with their mutual antipathies. The hostility of Californians to Chinese, though brutal and wicked in some of its manifestations, is at its core the offspring of a divine instinct, and in its final result will be for the interest of a larger humanitarianism than any mingling with them now would be—a blessedness in which alike Californians and Chinese will share. To work out the problem of a free government in the midst of the ignorance and lower type of material we already have among ourselves, is the utmost we are likely to be successful in; and to weight the problem with millions more belonging to the same ignorant classes is almost sure to make its solution a failure, and a failure which will be the whole world's misfortune.

Instead, therefore, of instructing their legislators to vote for this enormous additional burden, ought not our California citizens, and our workingmen the whole country over, to rise up and demand with one imperative voice that the vote shall be America for Americans and the Philippines for Filipinos?

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

HARTFORD, CONN., January 23, 1899.

THE TRUE SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a careful reader of your paper for the last year or so, and could not help noticing how unjust you are to Spain. You pick out a spread-eagle utterance of a Spanish general, as in your last number, and then, taking it as a text, you begin preaching to the Spaniards. If you will look at Prof. Altamira's article, "El Patriotismo y la Universidad," in the current numbers of the *Boletin de la Institución Libre de Enseñanza*, you will see that what he has to fight against is pessimism, not spread-eagle talk. His reference to the late war is in very measured terms (issue of October 31). The University has to struggle against the accursed greed to which are equally subject the superior nations (England) and the inferior nations (Turkey), old nations (Spain), and young nations (United States). The young nation has walked in crooked paths, falling into the same errors for which it despised the old nations. While advocating a closer union with the Spanish-American republics, he says they confessed their faults without *rebozo*. When did the people of the United States ever confess without *rebozo?*

Many years ago, while calling on Echegaray, I was ushered into a room all adorned with laurel wreaths and oakleaf garlands, testimonies of the esteem in which he was held by his people; and that man, instead of glorying in what he had achieved as a dramatic writer, felt rather humiliated because he had not pushed his mathematical researches as far as he might have done.

Yours respectfully, P.

January 15, 1899.

"INTERLOCK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The geographical features of North America are such that the sources of two or more streams are often so close together that, at certain seasons, as in times of freshet, they flow into one another; and the sources of rivers which fall into the Atlantic are said to "interlock" with those which find their way to the Pacific, or Gulf of Mexico, or Hudson Bay. More than two centuries ago, the Rev. J. Clayton, in a paper read before the Royal Society, called attention to this phenomenon in the following passage:

"The Heads of the Branches of the Rivers interfere and lock one within another, which I think is best expressed after the manner that an *Indian* explained himself once to me, when I enquired how nigh the Rivers of *Carolina*, *Virginia* and *Maryland* arise out of the Mountains, from those that ran Westerly on the other side of the Mountains, he clapt the Fingers of one Hand 'twixt those of the other, crying, they meet thus; the Branches of different Rivers rising not past a hundred Paces distant one from another: So that no Country in the World can be more curiously watered." *Philosophical Transactions*, 1693, xvii, 791.

Clayton wrote presumably in 1688; but it was not, so far as the present writer is aware, until the middle of the eighteenth century that allusions to this phenomenon became common; and then the word *lock*, employed by Clayton, gave way to *interlock*. This meaning of the latter word, which has received little or no recognition from lexicographers, is illustrated by the following extracts:

"The town of *Shamokin* . . . contains eight cabbins near the river's bank right opposite the mouth of the west branch that interlocks with the branches of *Allegheny*." 1743, July 8, J. Bartram, *Observations* (1751), 14.

"From the Head [of the Ohio River], which interlocks with the Cayuga Branch of Susquehanna, to Canawagy, I have little knowledge." 1755, L. Evans, *Middle British Colonies*, 25.

"About five miles from the Vine Creek comes in a very large creek to the eastward, called by the Indians Cut Creek. . . . It extends, according to the Indians' account, a great way, and interlocks with the branches of Split-Island Creek." 1770, G. Washington, *Writings* (1889), ii., 295.

"At *Kishkuskes* (about 16 miles up) are two branches of this Creek, which spread opposite ways; one interlocks with *French* Creek and *Cherâge*,—the other with the *Muskingum* and *Cayahoga*." 1778, T. Hutchins, *Topographical Description of Virginia*, &c., 20.

"In some future state of population, I think it possible, that its [the James River] navigation may also be made to interlock with that of the Potawmac, and through that to communicate by a short portage with the Ohio." 1782, T. Jefferson, *Notes on Virginia*, *Writings* (1894), iii., 90.

"Nearly one-third of this vast plain is what the inhabitants call swamps, which are the sources of numerous small rivers and their branches: these they call salt rivers, because the tides flow near to their sources, and generally carry a good depth and breadth of water for small craft, twenty or thirty miles upwards from the sea, when they branch and spread abroad like an open hand, interlocking with each other, and forming a chain of swamps across the Carolinas and Georgia, several hundred miles parallel with the sea coast." 1791, W. Bartram, *Travels*, 29.

"At five o'clock arrived at the dividing ridge, between the waters of the Osage and Arkansaw (alias White river), the dry branches of which interlock within 20 yards of each other." 1806, Z. M. Pike, *Sources of the Mississippi* (1810), 135.

"The *Arkansas* river penetrates far into the Rocky Mountains, its ramifications interlocking with some of the waters of the Missouri, Columbia, San Buenaventura, Colorado of the West, and Rio de Norte." 1844, J. Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, ii., 195.

"The headwater of the Penobscot in freshets actually become intermingled with those of the Allegash, Aroostook and St. Croix; and the geographical marvel is many times repeated within our limits of rivers interlocking at their source and flowing off in different directions upon different slopes." 1881, J. Varney, *Gazetteer of Maine*, 11.

"What the Jesuit did believe seems to have been in a general way that the Missouri, somewhere in its springs, did interlock with other waters which sought towards the west an unknown sea near which were white men." 1894, J. Winsor, *Mississippi Basin*, 138.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

BOSTON, January 22, 1899

Notes.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have in press 'The History of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company,' by William Bender Wilson, in two octavo volumes with 273 illustrations.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce 'The Young Citizen's Reader,' by Charles F. Dole.

Ginn & Co. have in preparation 'A Laboratory Manual in Astronomy,' by Mary E. Byrd, Director of the Observatory, Smith College.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish during the present month 'General Sherman,' by Gen. M. F. Force; 'The Cruise of the *Cachalot;* or, Round the World after Sperm Whales,' by Frank T. Bullen, First Mate; 'The Story of the Cotton Plant,' by F. Wilkinson; 'The Story of Geographical Discovery,' by Joseph Jacobs; 'A History of Japanese Literature,' by W. G. Aston; and 'A Writer of Books,' by George Paston.

Further announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'Don Quixote,' edited for use in homes and schools by Clifton Johnson, with Cruikshank's illustrations; and 'The Development of Thrift,' by Mary Wilcox Brown, General Secretary of the Henry Watson Children's Aid Society of Baltimore.

R. H. Russell will publish immediately a profusely illustrated edition of A. W. Pinero's comedietta, 'Trelawny of the Wells,' and Mr. Whistler's 'The Baronet and the Butterfly.'

Mr. Frederick A. Ober is an old West Indian traveller, and his book on 'Puerto Rico and its Resources,' which the Appletons have just published, is therefore not an extemporized affair. Mr. Ober also knows his Spanish authorities and how to make good use of them. After a rather unnecessary placating of the expansionists in the introductory chapter, he proceeds to an orderly and intelligent account of the island, with full details as to the climate, agricultural products, cities and towns, routes of travel, government and people, etc. A series of illustrations add value to a book which, for being both timely and trustworthy, should be much in demand.

Considerable enlargement within and with

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out previously existing departments characterizes Mr. Douglas Sladen's happy thought, 'Who's Who,' for 1899 (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan). This country has been catered to by a list of American ladies bearing English titles, another of "great American newspapers of the rank of the great London dailies and weeklies," and by numerous additions to the American biographies. Though the editor refers in his preface to recent events as drawing England and the United States closer together, as the ground of this last extension, we find none of the heroes of the late war, military or naval, to have thrust their way into the columns of the élite (Mr. Roosevelt was in last year's issue). Some editors, including the *Tribune's*, have been included, but not the yellow journalists; our new Senator from New York, but not Platt or Quay. Mr. Choate will go to St. James's unheralded by 'Who's Who.' Mr. John Fiske is rightly admitted; his neighbor, President Eliot, is still outside, though Presidents Harper and Gilman now first come in. A want of proper perspective is visible in some of these instances, but it shall not make us anything but glad to have this annual, with all its inevitable defects.

Almost a novel idea is that of an illustrated edition of 'Sartor Resartus' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), and it has been freshly and interestingly carried out. The artist, Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, has generally avoided the narrative and more obviously illustratable passages, and has embroidered a sort of emblematic and pictorial commentary upon the doctrine of the book. One may not always know certainly what he means, but one is always interested, and generally the connection between picture and text is clear enough. The drawings themselves, which affect a German archaism of style that recalls Dürer and Holbein with an occasional touch of the simpler manner of Rembrandt, are always able and sometimes remarkably powerful. It is seldom indeed that one sees modern book-illustration of so much merit.

R. H. Russell publishes a series of prints by Pamela Colman Smith "colored by hand in water-color and retouched by an artist" in the old manner. The art is, perhaps, worthy of revival, but in the present instance the prints are not specially fine in composition or drawing, and the color does not seem better than much that is produced to-day by mechanical means. A whole bookful of designs by Boutet de Monvel or Walter Crane costs no more than one of these prints, and almost any page of 'Joan of Arc' or 'A Floral Fantasy' is better as a work of art.

The late war with Spain is by far the most conspicuous theme in the May-October volume of the *Century Magazine* for 1898. What is noticeable, too, the new hostilities tend to revive the memory of the old, and there is a not insignificant series of chapters on our civil war. For the rest, the volume possesses the usual variety of article and illustration. Most curious, to the initiated, is the paper on the island of Naushon, whose noble owner was among the lamented dead of last year, with so much respect for privacy that his name is nowhere mentioned or suggested. Several engravings after female portraits by Gilbert Stuart contrast with as many by T. Cole after Romney and Hoppner.

Of the two bound volumes of *Scribner's* for the year 1898 the first has no trace of trouble in the West Indies. The series of articles on undergraduate life at women's colleges goes on; Senator Lodge's 'Story of the Revolution' begins and proceeds; Capt. Mahan is occupied with the naval campaign on Lake Champlain in 1776. With the July number, the first in volume two, the exigencies of premature manufacture of popular magazines yield to current events, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis makes his bow with "The First Shot of the [Spanish] War." After that, there is no lack of this subject, nor of the Anglo-American alliance as expounded by the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, nor of "Imperialism and Industrialism" coming into "The Point of View." Mr. Wyckoff concludes his "Workers—the West."

The same demarcation is observable in *St. Nicholas's* two volumes for 1898; and in the later as crows the old, so crows the young, with guns and gun-foundries, voyage of the *Oregon*, flying squadron, man-of-war etiquette, etc. But the militant proportion is more modest.

A semi-monthly Latin journal, called *Vox Urbis*, is now being published in Rome. Its purpose is to discuss archæological, literary, and art problems, and also to encourage the writing of Latin poetry. In a recent number there is an ode on the bicycle by Maurus Ricci, which is termed "birota velocissima." It is said that the periodical is proving popular and is on a paying basis.

The *Deutsche Rundschau* easily holds its place in the front rank of German monthlies with instalments of fiction from such writers as Helene Böhlau, Paul Heyse, and Hans Hoffmann in a single issue (January, 1899), besides the usual number of articles by eminent workers in the fields of literature, science, art, philosophy, and history. Prof. Stein (Bern) expounds with clearness and vigor the nature of the tragic conflict between society, as the arena of individualism, of social variability, on the one hand, and the state, as the representative of the race-interests, of social constancy, on the other. Optimistic philosopher as he is known to be, he does not consider the dilemma, individual versus genus, as insoluble. The Rembrandt exhibition furnishes to Otto Seeck the warp for a very complete picture of the painter's artistic activity, ingeniously interwoven with interesting details of his life. The usefulness of this essay (running through the December and January issues) is enhanced by the frequent references, in footnotes, to inexpensive, easily accessible reproductions of the widely scattered works of Rembrandt.

On the occasion of the festivities in memory of the Reformation, Prof. Dr. Gertz delivered in the University of Copenhagen an address which has caused a sensation among the schoolmen of Europe. Though himself the representative of classical philology in the University, he expressed in positive terms his opinion that the ancient languages, the Greek entirely and the Latin in part, are bound to lose their position in the secondary school, which "has to provide, above all things, for what is indispensable to the understanding of modern life and to an active participation in the same." Dr. Gertz does not anticipate a decline of classical philology in consequence of relegating the Greek, like Sanskrit, Hebrew, and certain other languages, entirely to the university—a view shared, as is well known, by Prof. Wilamowitz-Möllendorf. The address is published in the December number of the Danish review *Tilskueren* (Copenhagen), and, in its leading passages, in No. 4, 1898, of the *Zeitschrift für die Reform der höheren Schulen* (Berlin).

M. Alfred Fouillée, that stanch defender of classical studies, also advocates the dropping of Greek from the regular secondary school programme in his new volume, 'Les Études Classiques et la Démocratie' (Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.). The time and energy thus saved he would in part devote to the strengthening of the course in Latin. All these men are agreed in the judgment that the study of Greek in secondary schools does not yield results commensurate with the efforts.

Of the hundreds of papyri finds made in the winter of 1896-'97 in the ruins of the ancient Oxyrhynchos, the modern Behnesa, in Central Egypt, the discoverers, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, have published, together with translations and notes and eight facsimile plates, only 207. It was seemingly the purpose of the lucky finders to issue in this first part specimens of the various kinds of documents found. The first six are called "theological" texts and belong directly to Biblical literature, two of them being of special value, namely, a small collection of extra-canonical Sayings of Jesus, and several verses from the beginning of Matthew in an uncial manuscript of the close of the third century; this being actually the oldest specimen of a New Testament manuscript extant. Nos. 7 to 15 are called "new classical" pieces, and Nos. 16-29 fragments of known authors. The names here represented are Sappho, Alcman (uncertain), Aristoxenus, Thucydides, Herodotus, Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Xenophon, Euclid, and Virgil. From No. 33 to No. 124 we have a vast variety of Greek documents dealing with the details of public and private life. The philological gain from these new documents does not promise to be especially large, although, in connection with the Fayum papyri and some other new specimens of the Greek of that period, it will be now necessary to discard the unhistorical and uncritical myth of a peculiar "Biblical" Greek for the Septuagint and the New Testament.

The widespread interest taken in this papyri find is attested by the fact that, at the recent annual meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, it was reported that, of the separate edition of the Logia brought out soon after its discovery, 25,800 copies had been sold. At this same meeting Sir E. Maunde Thompson declared that it would not be surprising if entire books of the New Testament dating from the second century should yet be found among the papyri. New finds are constantly reported, and systematic investigations have been begun in Dendereh, where not even a beginning of diggings had heretofore been made, as also in Sakkarah, in the tombs of Sheik Said, and elsewhere, Prof. Petrie made the somewhat surprising statement that the British occupation of Egypt was not favoring scientific investigations. New restrictive rules hinder the diggings, while those who destroy the remains of the older civilizations are allowed free scope and are but rarely punished.

The welcome and significant service of photography to astronomy was never more aptly demonstrated than during the last few weeks, by Messrs. Pickering and Chandler, in the prosecution of research on the orbit of that anomalous new planet D Q. The

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peculiarities of its path rendering an accurate acquaintance with it necessary, search has been made among the library of photographic plates accumulating for many years past at the Harvard observatory; and Mrs. Fleming, after overcoming many discouraging circumstances and vexatious sources of confusion, has at last discovered six independent images of the planet on plates taken between December 19, 1893, and April 18, 1894. How accurate an orbit is possible from these chance photographs may be inferred from the fact that, during their interval, D Q travelled over a full quadrant of its path round the sun, and for two months of this time its distance from the earth did not exceed 18½ million miles, or about half the distance of Mars at his nearest. Many astronomers have a sense of almost personal satisfaction in the reconciliation and renewed coöperation of these eminent astronomers, whose differences are now, it is hoped, forgotten and buried in the interests of a science too engrossing for personalities. One of them has ventured the name Pluto for the new planet. Why not Eirenica?

The *Consular Reports* for January contains an account of trade conditions in Japan, from which it appears that in 1895 we exported to that country, in round numbers, $35,000 worth of dynamo-electric machinery, in 1897 $341,000; of locomotives in the former year to the value of $142,000, in 1897 $1,192,000. Our largest import from Japan was of raw silk, valued at $16,000,000. There are also interesting notices of the rubber industry in Pará, of which the most serious difficulty is insufficient labor, and upon the raising of poultry in Belgium, where great progress has been made recently in the improvement of the breeds and the care of the yards. The announcement that our Government is preparing to open at the Paris Exposition of 1900 a "kitchen for the preparation and gratuitous distribution of bread and other forms of food prepared from maize," has caused some apprehension among the German farmers, lest its introduction should diminish the consumption of home-raised wheat and rye. The exports of corn from this country to Germany, where it is fed to cattle only, in 1897 amounted to nearly one million metric tons, valued at $12,709,200, or nearly 50 per cent. more than in 1896.

The British Trade Returns for 1897 show a decided innovation for the better over previous issues. Under the able management of Mr. T. J. Pittar, the Statistical Office has prepared a statement giving in parallel columns the returns of import and export for each article during the last five years. The convenience of such an arrangement in aiding the study of comparative movements of trade is obvious, and the compilation pictures at a glance the distribution of each enumerated article among the countries of supply or sale for a period of high commercial interest. The Treasury Bureau of Statistics issued a similar volume during the last year, and in these two volumes may be found the trade record of the two great commercial nations of the world for five years.

The Maryland Geological Survey has issued its second volume, containing several scientific papers which add largely to the economic and historical knowledge of the State. To the "Report on the Building and Decorative Stones of Maryland," Prof. George P. Merrill contributes a chapter on the physical, chemical, and economic properties of building-stones which will be of value to quarriers and contractors. A more detailed study of the character and distribution of Maryland building-stones, together with a history of the quarrying industry, by Dr. E. B. Mathews, embodies the results of careful investigations in the field and in the laboratory. This paper is illustrated by numerous colored heliotypes which reproduce very vividly the characteristic appearance of the more important stones. The "Report on the Cartography of Maryland" consists of two sections. That on the aims and methods of cartography, by Henry Gannett, comprises a complete digest of topographic methods. Dr. Mathews's paper on the maps and map-makers of Maryland contains reproductions of some of the early maps, and reveals many interesting facts regarding physiographic changes which have occurred in historic times along the Chesapeake and Atlantic coast-line. All the illustrations and maps are of a high order of excellence, and the book as a whole makes a most attractive appearance.

The Geolcgical Survey of Canada has recently published its Annual Report for 1896, which opens with a summary of operations during the year by the Director, George M. Dawson, LL.D. The announcement is made that the general classified index to the publications of the Survey, including some 31,000 references, is approaching completion. Mr. J. Burr Tyrrell contributes a special report on the geology and natural resources of the vast wilderness which lies north of the 59th parallel and extends from Hudson Bay to Lake Athabasca, comprising an area of about 200,000 square miles. His explorations included an examination of the north shore of Lake Athabasca, the Doobaunt, Kasan, and Ferguson Rivers, the northwest coast of Hudson Bay, and two overland routes between Churchill and Nelson Rivers. Numerous half-tones, giving a good idea of the characteristic features of the country, and a map accompany this paper. Other special reports are on the geology of the French River, including the country around the north end of Georgian Bay, by Dr. Robert Bell; on a traverse of the northern part of the Labrador Peninsula from Richmond Gulf to Ungava Bay, by Mr. A. P. Low; and on the geology of southwest Nova Scotia, by Dr. L. W. Bailey. In his account of mineral statistics and mining, Mr. Elfric D. Ingall states that Canada's mineral product has increased 125 per cent. during ten years, while in the United States the increase has been only about 40 per cent. The total product of the former country, however, is but 3.5 per cent. of that of the United States.

—Under the editorship of Mr. William G. Stanard the *Virginia Historical Magazine* is not likely to be wanting in varied contents. The January number contains a contemporary translation of the capitulation of Fort Necessity, known hitherto only through the French version. That Washington should have deliberately signed a document describing himself as a murderer is incredible, and the question has been whether the one person present among the Virginian troops who knew French misunderstood the reading, or the published French articles had been garbled. Mr. Stanard points out that this contemporary translation, found among the Virginia archives, contained in the preamble the word "assault," for which the word "killing" has been substituted. The French term was "venger l'assassin"—not a very acceptable expression, for "assassinat" would have been better. What is overlooked by Mr. Stanard is the phraseology of the seventh article, in which the French version uses "assassinat" and the translator "attack"—a bad translation, and not in keeping with the rest of the paper. It might be assumed that a careless copyist confused the French s as written, and so made "attaque" into "assassin," but such a supposition will not account for the occurrence of assassin in at least two contemporary copies of the capitulation in French, and the published *Précis des Faits*. This Virginia paper seems to obscure rather than explain the incident, but offers ground for some interesting conjectures.

—The accounts of some of the experiences in the educational and missionary field in Alaska, which the Commissioner of Education has included in his latest volume of Reports (vol. ii., for 1896-97), are not without the fascination peculiar to stories of pioneer life. At Circle City, on the upper Yukon, so the schoolmistress tells us in her report, the people want to hibernate during three winter months: "They cannot help it, for there seems to be something in the air tending to that result." Still, the children would "straggle sleepily in," and by noon all would be in the school. In May the weather began to moderate and the birds slowly came, and "it seemed almost a sin" to keep the children in-doors. Kind nature came to the relief of the compassionate teacher: the weather suddenly grew intensely hot, and out of the moss filling the chinks between the logs of the school-house there came crawling, as they awakened from their winter's sleep, "all kinds of bugs and worms, . . . bees, hornets, and our terrible pest, mosquitoes; . . . so before long we had to stop school." Since then, we learn from Commissioner Harris himself (vol. i., p. xxxvi), the inhabitants of Circle City have removed to the Klondike, and the school has not been opened again. The school reports from several places in Alaska are more or less encouraging, but they all go to show the Sisyphean labor of bringing barbarous or semi-barbarous people within the pale of civilization. One teacher, on St. Lawrence Island, tells the sad story of a whaler bringing with him a woman who taught the people to make whiskey out of molasses and flour by means of an apparatus consisting of a coal-oil can and an old gun-barrel, and several families were making it all winter. According to another, at Karluk, of all the children born there during the last two years but one remained alive. "Still," he continues unconcernedly, "there is hope for the children in that they are rapidly learning the English language."

—This Report for 1896-97 of the Commissioner of Education to the Secretary of the Interior is dated October 1, 1897 (vol. i., p. iii). The second volume, however, has only just been sent out, and it is possible, therefore, that the more recent dealings with the Metlakahtla reservation on Annette Island have led to the insertion of the interesting "Statement with regard to Mr. Duncan's Work among the Tsimpsheean Indians of British America and Alaska" (pp. 1626-28). This supposition is supported by the otherwise uncalled-for insertion in the "Statement" of section 15 of the act of March 3, 1891 (reserving Annette Island for Mr. Duncan's colony), which begins: "Until otherwise provided by law, etc." It appears that Mr. Duncan, who founded an Episcopalian mission at Fort Simpson, British Columbia,

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as early as 1857, was induced to emigrate with his whole prosperous colony across the border, partly in consequence of the arrival, in 1880, of a bishop from England—so that he, the founder of the mission, would have had to take a second place, "which he could not very well afford to do," and partly by the surveyors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who persisted in unceremoniously driving stakes over the lands.

—President Eliot's essays and addresses on educational problems are always practical and suggestive. There are, no doubt, many who will be glad to meet, in a convenient form, eighteen addresses which have been collected in a volume entitled 'Educational Reform' (The Century Co.). It is interesting to observe that, thirty years ago, in his inaugural address as President of Harvard, President Eliot's ideals of educational principles and methods were practically those that he holds to-day. In this, the earliest of the collected addresses, we find already outlined the principles which have been gradually turned into practice at Harvard, notably freedom of election in University studies. We fancy that we trace in these addresses, which range in date from 1869 to 1897, a modification of the optimism implied in the statement in the inaugural address that, "with good methods, we may confidently hope to give young men of twenty to twenty-five an accurate general knowledge of all the main subjects of human interest, besides a minute and thorough knowledge of the one subject which each may select as his principal occupation in life. To think this impossible is to despair of mankind" (p. 4). Does the President of Harvard really think that "a general acquaintance with many branches of knowledge, good so far as it goes," has proved attainable by "great numbers of men"? We wish there were any sign of the intelligent public opinion that such wide and accurate knowledge might create. On page 386 is a good suggestion for a sort of coöperative college entrance examination system by which the preparation of the entrance papers would be intrusted to a group of men taken from various institutions. By this plan, one college might demand more subjects than another, but, subject by subject, the requirements would be the same. The desirability of a uniform method is obvious. President Eliot's belief in the value of uniformity is made prominent in every address; and his insistence that, while we ought to aim at variety in education, it should be a variety of equal things, is a wholesome doctrine in a country in which the prevailing system of a general education is too apt to give a student the impression that he has been pursuing severe studies through courses in English Literature and Pedagogy.

—President Gilman's 'University Problems' (The Century Co.) resembles President Eliot's book in being a collection of addresses delivered from his inauguration as President of Johns Hopkins, in 1876, to the present day. Mr. Gilman is decidedly more conservative in tone than Mr. Eliot, and his addresses contain fewer suggestions. They are, in fact, in the main, a series of optimistic reviews of the progress of education in the nineteenth century, and call for slight comment. The "Open Letter on the Proposals for a National University in Washington" has already been printed in the *Century*. President Gilman is naturally averse to the establishment of a rival institution within an hour's ride of Johns Hopkins; his apprehension that political interference would hamper a national university controlled by Congress seems well grounded. His aversion to coeducation is plainly expressed. He is ready to admit women without restriction of age or qualification to the advantages of the learned university extension branch of the Smithsonian Institution which he proposes in place of a national university, where, however, there will be no degree to make it worth while for women to intrude. In 1876, curiously enough, he hoped that an institution similar to Girton College might arise in Baltimore; this was to overlook the fact that, through the presence of Girton and Newnham, coeducation flourishes in Cambridge in fact if not in name.

—Vol. xxxi. of the Jesuit Relations (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) is wholly occupied with Lalemant's Relation for 1647, without containing either the beginning or end of it. Although a single document thus absorbs the space, a large range of topics is considered by the writer; and that, moreover, without any reference to the Huron mission. Among them the most interesting are the story of Jogues's death (with estimate of his character), a long chapter on Druillettes's mission to the Abenakis, and a description of the Attikamègues, who inhabit the Laurentian hills at a considerable distance from the river. Besides mentioning some circumstances connected with Jogues's return to France after his first experience with the Iroquois, Lalemant describes how he returned in September, 1646, to the scene of his previous tortures. While nothing could be gained by repeating here the well-known story of his fate, it is observable that death at last came to him by a sudden blow rather than after a protracted agony. Much greater value attaches to the glimpses which are given of this remarkable man's character. Lalemant says that he was not physically brave; indeed, that he was by nature timorous. His first thought always took in the difficulties which might involve a question, and, recognizing this quality of temperament, he became deeply humble and always said that he was a coward. "Yet the Superiors who knew him depended on him as firmly as on a rock. . . . 'Go' was enough for him—there is no monster, there is no demon that he would not have confronted with that word." He was quick-tempered beneath his habitual self-restraint, but so charitable towards the cruelty and treachery of the Indians that he entertained no aversion towards them. "He looked at them with an eye of compassion as a mother looks at a child of two, stricken with a raging disease." The worst offence which can be ascribed to him is that he felt some complacency at the sight of death, "believing himself by this means delivered from the sufferings of this life." His swiftness of foot was such that he might have escaped from captivity at almost any time. He remained among the Iroquois chiefly to perform surreptitious baptism, and he is given credit by our author with having thus saved more than sixty souls. Once, by a piece of rare good luck, "he found in a cabin five little children who were all in danger of death; he baptized them at his ease, and without noise, every one having gone out to see the public rejoicings." The principal feature of Druillettes's sojourn among the Abenakis is that he was thereby brought into contact with the Capuchins at Castine, and also with the English. His work even received approval at Plymouth and Boston. As for the Attikamègues, they are mentioned as a pleasant contrast to the Iroquois. They make war only on animals and readily accept Christianity. So "if God strikes us with one hand, he sustains us with the other; if he afflicts us, he consoles us; if we are persecuted by some savages at the south, we are sought after by those of the north."

—Vol. xxxji. comprises a variety of documents. In the first place, we have the conclusion of the report for 1647; then a letter in Latin from Brébeuf to Caraffa, the general of the order at Rome; thirdly, the *Journal des Jésuites* for 1648; and finally, the first eight chapters of Lalemant's contribution to the Relation for the same year. Lalemant's staple subjects are the Iroquois raids and a glorification, in anecdotal vein, of the good spirit manifested by Christian Indians. As both these matters have been copiously illustrated in your previous notes, we pass on to Brébeuf's brief letter and to the diary which is styled *Journal des Jésuites*. The former of these is only a little more than three octavo pages in length, but possesses considerable significance. Its aim is to secure for Paul Ragueneau a longer tenure of office at the head of the Huron mission than was permitted by existing rules of the order. He is credited with every executive and personal virtue which such an onerous post demands, and the plea is further urged that a continuity of leadership is desirable. However, the most striking feature of Brébeuf's letter is his consciousness of the doom which is hanging over the Huron nation. After enumerating the causes of thankfulness which the Jesuits in Western Canada have, he thus proceeds: "But, on the other hand, there are, altogether, many and considerable influences which not only hinder our work, but seem even to threaten the ruin of the whole mission. Some of these, indeed, are common to us with all the Hurons—especially the enemy whom we call by the name of Iroquois; they, on one hand, close the roads and obstruct trade, and, on the other, devastate this region by frequent massacre; in short, they fill every place with fear." These words, written in the year before the final catastrophe which overwhelmed Hurons and Jesuits alike, show that Brébeuf and his companions were by no means blind to the tendency of events. In styling the *Journal des Jésuites* "a rich quarry for the student of the economic and social history of New France," Mr. Thwaites by no means claims too much for it. A great many details which the Black Robes constantly make note of, but which would have seemed somewhat trivial or secular in annual reports intended for purposes of edification, are recorded here. Thus, a list of the New Year's presents for 1648 is given; the number of turkeys and capons which the Governors sent the Fathers on Epiphany; the price charged by a blacksmith for mending an arquebus; the state of the game, fish, and fur markets; the day on which the first snow fell, and a description of the manner in which the principal feasts of the Church were celebrated by clergy and people.

THE ZENO VOYAGES.

The Annals of the Voyages of the Brothers Nicolò and Antonio Zeno in the North At-

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lantic about the end of the Fourteenth Century, and the Claim founded thereon to a Venetian Discovery of America: A Criticism and an Indictment. By Fred. W. Lucas. London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles. 1898. Royal 4to, pp. 233 and 18 facsimile maps.

The family of the Zeni, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, occupied a position of considerable consequence in the commercial, social, and political life of the Venetian republic. Members of the family reached the highest official positions in the state, became merchant princes, and allied themselves with foreign families of royal rank. It was a period during which Venice had a conspicuous part in the commercial annals of the civilized world. Each year between 1317 and 1533, it is recorded that a fleet of Venetian vessels, under the authorization and protection of the state, sailed to Flanders and England with glass and sugar, wines, and silk, which were exchanged for wood, tin, hides, and broadcloth. Other fleets traded to Greece and Constantinople with bales of English and Flanders cloths, while still others went on to the Black Sea for skins, to the Syrian ports for gums and spices, to Egypt and to the caravan ports along the northern coast of Africa. On one of these voyages, that of 1385 to the north of Europe, Nicolò Zeno commanded the galleys bound for Flanders. A little less than a century later, when the expanding power of the Turk had begun to cut off some of the most profitable of these trading routes, another member of the family, M. Caterino Zeno, undertook the dangerous mission of carrying to the Persian King an appeal for an alliance against the common enemy which was threatening to overpower all its neighbors East and West.

In 1558 a small volume was published in Venice purporting to contain an account of the Persian mission of Caterino Zeno, and also of the adventures of two other members of the family, the brothers Antonio and Nicolò (there were three Zeni with this name in Venice in 1379), during the last two decades of the fourteenth century. The volume was issued anonymously, but it seems probable that it was compiled by a Nicolò Zeno, called the younger, who was great-grandson of the Persian Ambassador, who was in turn the grandson of Antonio, the brother of Nicolò. There is not the least evidence, if we may except the opinion of Mr. Lucas, that the publisher of the volume, Marcolini, was in any way responsible for the contents of the book printed at his house.

The contents of this Zeno volume were regarded as trustworthy by contemporaries and by fellow-citizens of the compiler, some of whom were well-versed in affairs and in the records of European expansion. Since their time, a fair majority of students of Atlantic exploration have held the opinion that the volume was based upon documents contemporary with the events which it professes to describe. Many of the statements in the second, or North Atlantic, narrative, however, are manifestly improbable as they are related. The result has been that many students have looked upon this narrative with suspicion, and not a few have declared that it was a fabrication devised for the purpose of heightening the glory of the Zeno family, and perchance also of detracting from the fame of the Genoese Columbus. Those who have suggested these motives have perhaps not given proper consideration to the fact, evident to any one who will examine the volume in question, that it does not contain a single expression of the satisfaction which the compiler might very naturally have felt in his kinship with the first Venetian Ambassador to Persia, nor is there any phrase which can be construed into a claim that his ancestors reached distant lands which were in any way connected with those discovered by Columbus, to whose name and exploit there is not the slightest reference.

Mr. Richard Henry Major, in 1873, translated for the Hakluyt Society that portion of the 1558 Zeno volume which describes the adventures of the brothers Nicolò and Antonio. An elaborate introduction contained Mr. Major's reasons for believing in the essential truth of this narrative, together with his efforts to identify the modern names of the localities mentioned in the Italian text. Mr. Fiske and others have adopted his conclusions without serious question, but there has been, nevertheless, an increasing disposition during recent years, among students who have had occasion to look into the subject, to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Major's identifications. This has led inevitably to a feeling of doubt as to the amount of reliance which could safely be placed on the whole narrative. It was manifestly desirable that the subject should be examined anew, in the light of the many recent cartographic discoveries, and that a fresh effort should be made to establish definitively the falsity of the entire narrative, or to determine what portions of it are deserving of credit.

This task has been assumed by Mr. F. W. Lucas. The result of his researches is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of American discovery. With the assistance of his publishers, the firm which has done so much during two generations to throw light on the dark places in our history, Mr. Lucas has produced a magnificent volume, a model for the setting forth of any serious work in cartographic history. The text is illuminated by facsimiles, made by the most trustworthy processes of reproduction, of the maps to which the larger part of this investigation has been devoted, and of the original volumes in which the Zeno narrative first appeared in Italian and in English. The appendices bear ample testimony to many hours of careful study of ancient volumes and maps, deciphering, copying, collating, comparing, classifying and tabulating names and legends and cartographic outlines. There is a bibliography which will prove of the greatest assistance to any one who desires acquaintance with the literature of European expansion into the Atlantic. There can be no doubt that Mr. Lucas has succeeded in producing a volume which will determine the treatment of the Zeno voyages by future writers of text-books and of popular history. The certainty and the clearness of his concluding summary, the generous fashion in which his theory is presented, the difficulty in discovering the precise grounds upon which the several steps of his argument are based, alike assure the acceptance of his dicta by those who will popularize his conclusions.

Mr. Lucas states frankly that he desires to say "the last word on this great and mischievous imposture," and he sums up his work with the declaration that he has proved "that Zeno's work has been one of the most ingenious, most successful, and most enduring literary impostures which have ever gulled a confiding public." In the face of this utterance, Mr. Lucas will not take it amiss if he is met with equally clear and decided statements of opinion by those who continue to believe that the true and ultimate end of historical investigation is not mere negation —even in matters connected with the early exploration of America—and that the insinuation of dishonorable motives and the denial of personal honesty are not the safest and wisest, although they may be the easiest, method of dealing with the puzzling problems of history.

The difficulty in following Mr. Lucas to his conclusions begins with the very first of his assumptions, which is that the two divisions of the Zeno book—the account of the Persian Embassy and that of the Atlantic voyages—are entirely distinct in their character. A most careful examination of the original volume reveals not the slightest grounds for any such supposition. Even a superficial reading of the Hakluyt Society translation of the Persian narrative would suffice to show that the method of its compilation, the documents from which it claims to be derived, the style and the contents, are of exactly the same sort as the rest of the volume of 1558. Both, according to the compiler, are based upon his family archives. Both contain references to lost material of the greatest value. The story of the death of Archimedes finds its way into the Persian narrative in exactly the same manner as the myth of Dædalus and a North Atlantic Icaria into the other. Each illustrates a psychologic phenomenon which is familiar to most readers of mediæval voyagers. As a basis for historical criticism, the arguments taken from the Icarian story are on a par with those (to which Mr. Lucas returns more than once) based upon the fact that no one in the nineteenth century has been able to find the manuscripts of which the Zeno book purports to give the substance. The discovery of specific fourteenth (or sixteenth) century manuscripts is not easy, nor is the hunt for them ordinarily successful. If Mr. Lucas will try to lay his hands upon almost any one of the original manuscripts of the documents printed in Ramusio's great collection, he will learn much concerning the chances of survival of historical material. A similar search for the manuscripts copied by Richard Hakluyt would doubtless be instructive. In brief, the method of criticism adopted by Mr. Lucas would destroy the value of the Zeno Persian narrative just as completely as it assumes to do when applied to the account of the Atlantic voyages. The argument amounts to this, that if there is a statement in the text which can be found in print or in manuscript at an earlier date than that of the volume of 1558, then such a statement may have been taken from the earlier work; if no such earlier authority can be unearthed, then the statement may have been a creation of the compiler's brain. The transition from "may have been," when frequently enough repeated, to "was," is another psychologic phenomenon of frequent recurrence in historical literature.

The story told in the Zeno volume can be briefly outlined. The compiler states that when he was a boy, he got hold of a manuscript book which contained an account of the adventures of an ancestor who had made a voyage to the north of Europe. In childish fashion, he tore that book to pieces. Many years later, he discovered among the family archives, of which he would have become possessed through the death of his fa-

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ther in the year preceding that of the publication of the 1558 volume, certain letters in which these same adventures were described. From these he endeavored to construct a narrative which should replace the one destroyed by his childish heedlessness. The resulting pages contain the substance of two letters written from the north by the elder Nicolò Zeno to his brother Antonio, a third presumably addressed to some other member of the family, and three letters written by Antonio, after he had joined Nicolò, to a third brother, Carlo. The compiler, the younger Nicolò, joins these together by connecting paragraphs. This, as Mr. Lucas remarks, is a well-known device of fictionists; it is also the method most naturally adopted by an intelligent honest person who desires to set forth facts in his family history from documents found in his family archives.

These letters relate how Nicolò the elder sailed from Venice around to the north of Europe, where he was caught in a storm and driven out of his course, until he was wrecked on an island. Rescued from the plundering natives by a powerful chief or "Prince" who chanced to be near, Nicolò's nautical skill was quickly recognized, and he was given a position of authority in the fleet of his rescuer. This position Nicolò soon improved by his success in several expeditions undertaken against the neighboring islands. Finding the life and its opportunities agreeable, Nicolò wrote urging his brother Antonio to join him. After the arrival of Antonio, they engaged in various expeditions, one of which took them a long distance into the western ocean, to a country which is described under a name that can be made to suggest that of Greenland, but in terms which apply, not to Greenland, but very aptly to Iceland. Returning from this place, where the cold had broken Nicolò's health so that he soon died, Antonio and his chief determined upon a voyage of exploration into the remoter west. They were persuaded to this, according to the narrative, by certain fishermen's tales, the interpretation of which presents the real crux of the Zeno problem. The voyage was undertaken, and, after various mishaps among the nearer islands, the ship started west before a fair wind for six days, "but, the wind changing to the southwest, the sea therefore becoming rough, the fleet ran before the wind for four days, and at last land was discovered." No one who has dissected the reports of early voyages of exploration would for a moment imagine from this passage that the discovery was necessarily made at the end of the tenth day. In returning from this country, Zeno sailed steadily eastward for twenty days, and for five days towards the southeast, before he hit upon land, which luckily lay within the range of his earlier adventures. There is not the least reason why this discovered land, upon which Zeno left his chief to found a city and conduct further explorations, may not have been Greenland. There is nothing in the description of the country to render this improbable.

There is little need of examining in detail all the points raised by Mr. Lucas in his indictment of the Zeno book. Even the treatment of the Frisland fisherman's story is amenable to the same sort of criticism as has already been discussed. So far as the text of Mr. Lucas's work is concerned, his evidently honest efforts to set forth the facts as they really are, have apparently prevented him from presenting any convincing proof of the falsity or the improbability of the story which has been outlined in the preceding paragraphs. His efforts, indeed, have not been entirely negative, and he has offered two or three very suggestive hints which afford important assistance towards distinguishing between the true and the immaterial in the Zeno narrative, and in discovering the most probable identification of the localities associated with the northern career of the Zeni brothers. The most valuable of these contributions is the suggestion that the chief (or Prince) Zichmni, whose identification with the historical Earl Sinclair of the Orkneys has long been recognized as presenting many perplexing difficulties, may more probably have been the Vitalian pirate *Wichmannus*—the Italian language has no letter W—who was the leader of a very powerful band which conducted successful depredations in the Baltic and North Seas between 1388 and 1401. What little is told us of this leader and his doings renders this identification thoroughly plausible, making possible the explanation of many details which have been a source of much trouble to the defenders of the Zeno story. As regards the spelling of this and other names in the book of 1558, few things in Mr. Lucas's book are harder to understand than his insistence upon the difficulty of reconciling these names as spelled by Nicolò the younger with those of any known individuals and places. Even in this present enlightened age and land, it may be doubted whether many members of the United States Senate, even among such as possess ancestors five generations back, would be able to transcribe correctly any large proportion of unfamiliar proper names written in the course of a family correspondence by those ancestors. The handwriting of the fourteenth century was not more easily read by a man of affairs in the sixteenth than that of our seventeenth-century ancestors is to-day. Even among our own contemporaries, there are some who find difficulty in writing proper names so that they will be entirely legible. Add the fact that, in Mr. Lucas's opinion, these names in the Zeno book were copied from manuscripts which had been preserved for a full generation after having been torn to pieces by a boy, and some amazement may be pardonable at his surprise because these names of places in the least-known portion of Europe, written in 1400, were not transcribed in 1558 in a way to render them perfectly intelligible in 1898.

The few lines which are left for a reference to the material upon which Mr. Lucas bases the main portion of his indictment are perhaps not unfairly proportionate to its real importance. The Zeno volume of 1558 contains a map illustrating the narrative of the Atlantic voyages. According to the compiler, this map was redrawn by him from an old navigation chart found among the family archives, "all rotten and many years old." If any one will compare the photographic facsimiles of such well-preserved maps as the 1500 La Cosa or the 1544 Cabot with any half-dozen sketches or pseudo-facsimiles of these maps such as have appeared in scientific historical treatises within the last twenty-five years, he will be prepared to understand why the younger Nicolò may not have succeeded in producing an accurate reproduction of his model. Nicolò junior must have been familiar with the current notions about the North Atlantic lands as they were represented in the maps of his own time. He would have been culpably negligent in his duties as an editor, according to the very proper standards of his age, if he had not endeavored to restore what he could not decipher in his model, in the light of what were for him the latest results of exploration and cartographic science. Mr. Lucas applies to this map the same critical method as to the narrative text. It is not easy to account for the adoption of such a method of cartographic investigation by one who understands as thoroughly as does Mr. Lucas the state of the navigating and cartographic sciences in the fifteenth century. In his researches he has succeeded in discovering a prototype for every feature on the Zeno map, with two exceptions. These two he assumes to be forgeries, hatched in the brain of the compiler of the map. It is hardly necessary to discuss this theory in detail; it should be sufficient to point out that in order to reconstruct the Zeno chart as it was published in 1558, Mr. Lucas has had to bring together facsimiles of more than a dozen maps drawn before that date, many of which exist only in manuscript at places remote from Venice. Had all of these maps been seen and examined, for whatever purpose, by any one man in 1558, it may safely be assumed that the result would have been very different from the map and booklet published for Nicolò Zeno in that year. Mr. Lucas has, however, now brought together in his volume admirable facsimiles of the pertinent portions of most of these, and of more than as many other maps of the same period, making the satisfactory study of them possible in hundreds of places far removed from the Old World storehouses where alone the originals may be consulted.

For his contribution to our facilities for historical and cartographic knowledge, no praise or gratitude can be too strong. If his methods and his results have been subjected to still further criticism and indictment, it is because the truth, even in such a matter as the Zeni voyages, can be reached only through the clash of intelligent opinion vigorously expressed. Mr. Lucas has set a most creditable example of vigor and intelligence. It would be unfair to him not to reply with equal earnestness and honesty of opinion, and with whatever intelligence can be gained through a diligent study of material inaccessible to the majority of students prior to the appearance of his volume.

THE CHILD IN EDUCATION.

A Study of a Child. By Louise E. Hogan. Illustrated with over 500 original drawings by the child. Harpers. 1898. Pp. 220.

The Study of the Child. A Brief Treatise on the Psychology of the Child, with Suggestions for Teachers, Students, and Parents. By A. R. Taylor, Ph.D., President of the State Normal School, Emporia, Kansas. [International Education Series.] D. Appleton & Co. 1898. Pp. 215.

The Development of the Child. By Nathan Oppenheim, Attending Physician to the Children's Department of Mount Sinai Hospital Dispensary. Macmillan. 1898. Pp. 296.

Not the least important of the results of the doctrine of evolution has been the emphasis placed incidentally on the study of the development of individual children. Darwin studied his own child. Earlier pioneers in such study were Tiedemann and Sigismund in Germany. The most systematic investi-

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gation of this kind was made by the late Prof. Preyer, as reported in his classic work, 'The Mind of the Child.' Since Preyer's study, similar investigations have been made by Paola Lombroso, daughter of the famous Italian alienist; Miss Shinn, Mrs. Moore, and others. 'The Study of a Child' before us is another attempt to follow Preyer's example. It is a record of the first seven years of a boy's life made by a mother apparently with no special psychological training. It has many of the merits as well as the defects of a record by an untrained observer. Among the former are the simple and straightforward style, the evidence of freedom from psychological prejudice, and the absence of any attempt to make the facts support philosophical theories. Of the defects, one notes especially the scrappy notes on the psychologically interesting activities of the first year, the meagre record of the child's motor activities, apart from talking and drawing, the frequent gaps in the record throughout, and, on the other hand, the occasional lapse into unimportant details.

The book is a simple story of the ordinary activities of an ordinary healthy child who spent his time in eating, sleeping, and playing; in sleeping, playing, and eating; and, at a later period, in sleeping, eating, playing, and talking—a child who loved "choo-choos" and rabbits, was interested in drawing and mechanical activities, sang songs, held dialogues with his pussy, puzzled over the idiosyncrasies of the English language and the mysteries of the human body, and sometimes broached problems of ethics and ontology. There is nothing in the volume that is sensational, few records of precocious activities, and nothing that will appear to be either a great contribution or a stumbling-block to psychologists; and while much of it will be foolishness to practical fathers and mothers, still many homes would be quieter and pleasanter and many children healthier and happier if parents would apply the suggestions for the training of children contained in this simple story; and every such record is a welcome contribution, however small, to the psychology of development.

The 'Treatise on the Psychology of the Child' is introduced to the public by Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, as a "sound and wholesome book on child study," and Dr. Harris contributes a preface discussing the symbolic and functional stages of mind in childhood. That the book is wholesome and, for the most part, sound, is not to be denied, and we shall not quarrel with the preface; but it is milk for babes in child study rather than strong meat for mature students in psychology. The author states that the book is "intended simply to serve as an introduction to child nature and child problems," and such should have been the title. It would serve its purpose as an introduction better, however, if the writer had a deeper conception of the real significance of child study. He does not even give the results of many important investigations made in recent years, such as those by Garbini, G. Stanley Hall, Sully, Russell, and Barnes —names which, by the way, do not appear at all (unless in the bibliography) in the pages of his book. Instead of this, seeing that the results in child study already obtained are imperfect, he has attempted to systematize what is necessarily incomplete by filling the gaps in child psychology with the old convenient dogmas of adult psychology. Thus, practically, the author does the very thing which the whole spirit of the child-study movement forbids. He fails to recognize that what may be true of the mature mind is not necessarily true of the developing mind.

Dr. Taylor's style is not always clear, and some statements are unfortunate. For example, he says (page 60), "The bridge over from the physical to the mental is found in consciousness." To the psychologist this sentence is as luminous as the statement that the bridge over from Brooklyn to New York is found in Manhattan. How will it be understood by the beginner? Again, on page 42, quoting Compayré, the writer states that all young children are myopic. Now the functional myopia referred to by Compayré is a very different thing from what is usually called myopia. In fact, hyperopia is so common in young children that many authorities regard it as the normal condition of the eye in infancy. Apart, however, from such minor defects, the book is usually clearly written. No one will question the need of a work on this subject in the International Education Series. However commonplace some of its teachings, it contains much of practical importance; and especially the parts relating to hygiene should be read and remembered by teachers. And now that Mr. Taylor has given us an "Introduction," it may be hoped that the editor will find some one to write the "Treatise."

A praiseworthy contribution to such a treatise has been made by Dr. Oppenheim in 'The Development of the Child.' His thesis is that a child is a different creature from an adult, and his insistence is upon the educational and hygienic significance of this fact. His data indicate that, so far as salient physiological and psychological factors are concerned, the child and the adult are almost totally different. "Multiply the proportions of the infant to those of the adult, and you will have a being whose large head and dwarfed lower face, whose apex-like thorax, whose short arms and legs give a grotesque appearance. The two do not breathe alike, their pulse rates are not alike, the composition of their bodies is not alike." The proportion of the different parts of the body is not the same; for example, according to Vierordt, the muscles form 23.4 per cent. of the total weight of the body in the new-born child, 43.09 per cent. in the adult. The brain forms 14.34 per cent. of the total body weight in the new-born, only 2.37 per cent in the adult. The chemical constituents of the tissues are different in childhood and in maturity. The various organs differ. The heart and other viscera are different. There is a great difference in the relation of the heart to the arterial system. Oppenheim puts this graphically by saying: "In infancy the relation of the volume of the heart to the width of the ascending aorta is as 25 to 20, before puberty as 140 to 56, and after puberty as 290 to 61." There are corresponding differences in blood pressure, nutrition, secretion, excretion, and other functions. Such are some of the more obvious. Still more interesting are the differences in the nervous tissue, the greater part of the central nervous system being "unripe" at birth; and equally important are the psychological differences between the child and the adult. In a word, the organism in childhood is uneven, unstable, provisional, and a valuable service has been rendered in bringing together the evidence that the child is not the father of the man.

The meagreness of our knowledge of development is apparent from the limitations of this book. The author hardly attempts to show that at different stages the child differs from the child. In fact, our present knowledge does not permit us to form any complete picture of the child in the various stages of development from infancy to maturity. Yet such knowledge lies at the very foundation of any true system of education. A German writer, Dr. Stimpfl, has recently said that, after 2,000 years of talk, pedagogy is still in about the same stage of development as physics at the time of Galileo. Whether or not he puts this too strongly, he is certainly right when he adds that if biological research shall contribute a pedagogical physiology and psychology and a pedagogical hygiene in accordance with the laws of development, then pedagogy will undoubtedly acquire the status of an actual science.

Problems of Modern Industry. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1898.

The authors of this volume are probably, on the whole, the best exponents of "collectivism" in its modern form. Of their sincerity there can be no question; it is established by internal evidence as well as by that *aliunde*. The most conclusive test of it is to be found in the careful reasoning with which they support their theories and attack those of their opponents. They recognize the existence of difficulties, and struggle seriously to meet them. Whether their reasoning appears fallacious to others is a different matter; they, at least, are heartily convinced that it is sound. For the fullest statement of their economic theories their 'History of Trade-Unionism' should be consulted; but in some of the essays reprinted in this volume readers will find everything essential. A few papers are mere padding, but most of them are substantial and relevant to the issue.

The views of these agitators are the only views of socialism that can logically be held. According to these views, the present system is unjust in that the people who work for wages do not and cannot get as much wages as their employers can afford to pay them. Hence the wage-earners must get hold of the Government and compel the employers to pay more. They must fix a minimum rate of wages and a maximum labor day; and if employers decline to carry on business on these terms, the Government will step in and carry it on for the public account. To the objection that profits will be reduced, it is replied that they have been much reduced in the past and can be still more in the future; and it is even maintained that this can be done without injury to foreign trade. Moreover, in the confiscation of the "unearned increment," there is an infinite possibility of revenue. In the attainment of these ends it is indispensable that all wage-earners cooperate; hence they must be forced into trade-unions and be prevented from becoming capitalists. Instead of rising in the economic world by prudence and by competition, they must retain their status, unless chosen by their rulers for positions of authority.

Such, in brief, is the logical basis of collectivism, which we need not here criti-

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cise. Those who think the authors' reasoning sound will certainly enjoy these essays; those who think it fallacious will at least get the enjoyment which is derived from analyzing ingenious and plausible fallacies.

The Great Salt Lake Trail. By Col. Henry Inman and Col. William F. Cody. Macmillan. 1898. 8vo, pp. xii, 529, pll. 8 and other illustrations.

This book has no more to do with its title than had Inman's 'Old Santa Fé Trail' to do with its ostensible subject; both deal with any part of the West in a reprehensible and factitious manner. Neither is devoid of a certain readability for the unwary, which makes them both pernicious. Col. Inman's offence in the present instance is greater than in the other. The book opens, after a few pointless words, with an account of the overland Astorian expedition (pp. 3-31), with a footnote at the end of the chapter, "See Astoria, by Washington Irving"—acknowledgment enough for some specific statement on one page, perhaps; certainly not for the misappropriation of a whole chapter. The next chapter (pp. 32-62) is lifted from Coyner's 'Lost Trappers'—an apocryphal book, now happily so rare and little known that Col. Inman may have thought he could with impunity serve over the old fables concerning Ezekiel Williams. Chap. iii., pp. 63-80, is similarly derived from the Autobiography of James P. Beckwourth, without a word of acknowledgment. Chap. iv., pp. 81-96, has on its opening page a footnote, "See Washington Irving's Astoria," which settles that. Chap. v., pp. 97-109, is mainly quoted from some source not named. Chaps. vi., vii., pp. 110-162, on the Mormon emigration of 1847 and the Mountain Meadow massacre, are apparently thrown together from several sources, but mainly from Bancroft's History of Utah, as the word "Bancroft" constitutes a footnote on p. 120. Chap. viii., pp. 164-210, on the pony express, is said to be given "as related to the author of the book by Col. Alexander Majors"; but it includes some of "Buffalo Bill's" own yarns, and a rehash of the rubbish about Slade and Jules which Mark Twain made famous in 'Roughing It,' and N. P. Langford discredited in his 'Vigilante Days and Ways.'

So we might go through the several chapters, finding nothing new that is true, nothing true that is new, and all the pickings singularly botched in their transfer to these pages, till we come to chaps. xvi., xvii., pp. 382-451. These are Col. Cody's contribution to the volume, apparently genuine, inasmuch as they are what the writer chose to say of his adventures and of the Custer massacre, but not now original, as they are all in quotation marks, and so, we suppose, transferred from some previous book by "Buffalo Bill." But chap. xviii., pp. 452-476, contains the story of "Old Hatcher's" fit of delirium tremens, of which Col. Inman says it is "presented just as he used to tell it." The English of this statement is, that Col. Inman abstracted it in full from chap. xix., pp. 236-265, of Lewis H. Garrard's 'Wah-to-yah' (12mo, Cincinnati, 1850)—without the slightest reference to Garrard. What magnifies the offence is, that the whole is placed in quotation marks, yet persistently misquoted, as we find by comparing the two publications. The last chapter in the book, professing to give the "Story of the Union Pacific Railroad" in twenty pages (!), is extracted with due acknowledgment from the address of Gen. G. M. Dodge before the Army of the Tennessee at Toledo, September 15, 1880.

Modern Political Institutions. By Simeon E. Baldwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1898.

Although this book is made up largely of addresses delivered before various associations, it has a sufficient unity of purpose. According to the author's use of the term, modern political institutions are those "which became such by the recognition and approval of our own century, or are contending for that of the twentieth." Chief among these he reckons the foundation of all government on the consent of a majority of the people, religious liberty, the written constitution as the supreme law, the combination of political absolutism with democracy, the regulation of succession to the dead in the interest of the state, international arbitration, and the Monroe Doctrine. To these are added some institutions of a legal rather than political character, and certain general propositions which have a rather remote connection with institutions of any kind. It is at least doubtful if the Monroe Doctrine can be properly described as a political institution; it might now, perhaps, be properly considered in the essay on "The Decadence of the Legal Fiction." Nor is it apparent why the assertion by the Government of a claim to share in the property of decedents should be regarded as anything modern; and the combination of political absolutism with democracy was familiar to Aristotle.

We must confess that we find a certain inconsistency in proclaiming this political absolutism and in calling the written constitution the supreme law. It is unnecessary to say that the framers of our Constitution intended to limit the power of the Executive. Many of them dreaded this power extremely, and they took great pains to hedge it about with constitutional restrictions. Nevertheless, this author describes, almost in terms of exultation, the vast extent of the powers now exercised by the President, which he puts on the same level as those of the Czar of Russia. "The President, during half the year, is the United States more truly than ever Louis XIV. was France." We will not stop to discuss the correctness of this view; but we cannot read without amazement that there is no danger to the liberties of a people in the rule of a despot. "The most impetuous man is held back if a hasty word or act of his might put the peace or welfare of a nation in peril. It is his very absolutism that has made the President, in respect to all matters of foreign policy—and there he is most powerful—the great conservative force in our constitutional system." We are tempted to recall the episode of Venezuela; but that episode, we find, the author regards with much complacency.

In his examination of some departments of legal procedure, the author's scholarship is well employed. The paper on "Freedom of Incorporation" contains a careful account of the achievements of the Roman lawyers in the creation and development of corporations of all kinds, the renewal of the process in Europe after the Middle Ages, its course in England, and the main lines which it has followed in the United States. This is the most elaborate essay in the book; but there are others, such as that on legal fictions, and the exemption of the accused from examination in criminal proceedings, which are of especial interest to lawyers.

The True Benjamin Franklin. By Sydney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. [1898.] 1899. 12mo, pp. 369.

The word "True" in Mr. Fisher's title is clearly intended to refer to the book, and not to the man, for his pen-portrait leaves an impression of a being far better described by its opposite, false. There is a story current in literary circles that a Philadelphian was employed to prepare, for a series, a life of Franklin, and that the MS. as first submitted was returned to him by the publisher with the comment, "If he was no more than this, he does not deserve a place in our series." Of this curiously persistent Philadelphian prejudice against its greatest citizen, the present book is a good expression. Without any iconoclastic intention, by an entire disregard of proportion, Franklin is made so ignoble and so repulsive that one marvels that the most cultivated classes of both Great Britain and France could ever for a moment have tolerated his friendship, much less have held him in veneration. It is Cromwell with the wart, and the wart so magnified by the depicter that it has become in truth a mask rather than a blemish. Scarcely a merit which Franklin possessed but is belittled into obscurity, while each fault is so accented that it is fairly thrust in one's face. Defects he had, known chiefly through his own honest confession of them in his Autobiography; but in that very book, which Mr. Fisher has so largely quoted from and so openly paraphrased, the author should have learned the proper ratio of space to give to the well and evil-doing of the man. That a runaway apprentice thoughtlessly and youthfully sinned is no reason for writing a life of him, but there is reason when we find that this 'prentice, step by step, atoned for every slip so far as lay within his power, and advanced himself to the foremost rank. To his own generation Franklin was a man of morality and honor whose aid could always be counted upon for good, and whose friendship was a privilege. Is this judgment of his contemporaries, is a life given to the public weal, to count for nothing?

But we have a more special bone of contention. Poor Richard remarked that "One mend-fault is better than two find-faults, but that two find-faults are better than one make-fault," and it seems to us that the epigram applies. Although Mr. Fisher notes in two places that women correspondents, in writing to Franklin, called him father, and signed themselves "your daughter," and though a little more research would have shown him letters of Franklin couched in the same parental terms, on an allusion in a letter of John Foxcroft to "your Daughter," and on three equally vague messages in Franklin's letters to "my daughter," he founds the positive statement that he had "an illegitimate daughter." As a lawyer, Mr. Fisher should know the true value of such testimony, the more that elsewhere he practically acknowledges that "speculations" over this newly discovered child "are mere guesses unsupported by evidence," leading us to conclude that the author is one of those described by Franklin when he declared that "historians relate, not so much what is done, as what they would have believed." Fortunately, a little light can be shed on Mrs. Foxcroft, which will go far to show the

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value of Mr. Fisher's historical methods, both in research and in conclusion. John Foxcroft was married in London on August 2, 1770, by the Rev. Thomas Coombe, at St. James's Church, Westminster, to Judith Osgood of "this parish," resident in King Street. The groom was deputy postmaster under, and an old friend of, Franklin, and the latter was present at the marriage as one of the witnesses. If, after a due consideration of the dates of Franklin's English sojourns, Mr. Fisher wishes further knowledge on this subject for "speculation," we recommend him to read Franklin's letter to Foxcroft of September 7, 1774.

Space has been given to this matter because it is announced as a startling discovery, and it is best that the bane should have its antidote; but otherwise it is not possible to take the book seriously. It is written in a hopelessly slipshod manner as to form; errors of quotations abound, and still more errors of fact; indeed, it seems as if the author went out of his way to err. He looks into the Autobiography, and, finding that Franklin had the pleurisy, and that his friend Dunhan died of "I forget what distemper," he promptly kills the latter with the pleurisy. Franklin's statement that he "burnt" his "wicked tract" becomes "tore up." "£1,000 Pennsylvania currency" is transmuted into $5,000—an exchange that would have delighted any one possessed of the depreciated paper money of the time, but not one for a writer to make in these days. The long-sought-for "first appearance" of the "Speech of Polly Baker" is nonchalantly dated and placed in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, but with a lack of preciseness that leads us to conclude that the author has been no more successful than his predecessors, and we cannot advise a waste of even Mr. Fisher's time in following up the clue he has so temptingly evolved. In the same manner he decides the moot point as to the approximate date of the birth of William Franklin, but unfortunately neglects to give us better authority than his own statement. Collectors of Franklinliana will be interested to learn that "Poor Richard" had, previous to Franklin's arrival in France in 1776, been the "delight for years" of the French, for it has generally been supposed that the first French edition was issued in 1777. Bradford, the printer, we are told, had come to New York "recently," though he had been a resident for twenty-nine years. England is engaged in preparations for war with Spain in 1743, which raises a question as to the status of the expeditions against Porto Bello, Carthagena, etc., of the previous years. Worse still is the assertion that the Seven Years' War began with Braddock's defeat. A commoner error is the statement that Burgoyne surrendered, though the General would have indignantly denied it, with the dictionary and all military men in his support. Finally, the author has made a dead brother executor for a living one—something difficult even for a lawyer—by mixing William and Thomas Whately. Such are types of the errors strewn as thickly through the pages as the author has strewn the "errata" of Franklin's life, but, unlike his, without counterbalancing virtues or attempted atonement.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bailey, L. H. The Principles of Agriculture. Macmillan. $1.25.
Bardeen, C. W. Commissioner Hume. A Story of New York Schools. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Carnegie, D. W. Spinifex and Sand. A Narrative of Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia. M. F. Mansfield & Co. $5.
Clark, J. C. L. Verses. Lancaster, Mass.: The Author.
Emerson, R. W. Select Essays and Poems. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 30c.
Garretson, Beulah C. Fireside Fancies. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Gunter, A. C. Jack Curzon. Homer Publishing Co.
Haigh, A. E. The Attic Theatre. 2d ed., revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Hall, Tom. An Experimental Wooing. E. R. Herrick & Co. $1.25.
Jordan, Kate. A Circle in the Sand. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.
King, Capt. Charles. A Wounded Name. F. T. Neely.
Lest We Forget. Illustrated. E. R. Herrick & Co.
McManus, Blanche. Told in the Twilight. Illustrated. E. R. Herrick & Co. $1.25.
Newton, Rev. R. H. Christian Science. Putnams. 25c.
Peloubet, Rev. F. N. Suggestive Illustrations on the Gospel of John. E. R. Herrick & Co.
Ratzel, Prof. F. The History of Mankind. Vol. III. Macmillan. $4.
Remington, Frederic. Sundown Lefiare. Harpers. $1.25.
Scribner, F. K. The Love of the Princess Alice. F. T. Neely.
Smith, Dr. E. F. Text-Book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. W. R. Jenkins. $1.
Smith, J. P. A Compendious Syriac Dictionary. Part II. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Snow, Rev. A. L. Tales Told in a Country Store, and Accompanying Verse. Creston, Iowa: Snow Publishing Co. $1.40.
Spyri, Johanna. Rosenresli. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Starr, Frederick. American Indians. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 45c.
Three Narrative Poems. Coleridge, Arnold, Tennyson. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 30c.
Tincker, Mary A. Autumn Leaves. Verse and Story. W. H. Young & Co: $1.
Treasure Bits. English Authors. French Authors. E. R. Herrick & Co. Each 50c.
Walford, L. B. The Archdeacon. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Ward, Elizabeth. Old Times in Shrewsbury. Shrewsbury, Mass.: The Author. $1.
Waring, G. E., jr. The Sanitary Condition of City and Country Dwelling-Houses. 2d ed., revised. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50c.
Watson, T. E. The Story of France. Vol. I. Macmillan. $2.50.
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